

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVII.

OCTOBER, 1890.

No. 12.

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THE LITTLE-RED-APPLE TREE.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE Little-Red-Apple Tree!

Oh, the Little-Red-Apple Tree!
When I was the little-est bit of a boy,
And you were a boy with me!
The bluebird's flight from the topmost boughs,
And the boys up there — so high
That we rocked over the roof of the house,
And whooped as the winds went by!

Ho! the Little-Red-Apple Tree!
With the garden beds below,
And the old grape-arbor so welcomely
Hiding the rake and hoe,—
Hiding, too, as the sun dripped through
In spatters of wasted gold,
Frank and Amy away from you
And me, in the days of old.

Ah! the Little-Red-Apple Tree!

In the edge of the garden-spot,
Where the apples fell so lavishly
Into the neighbor's lot;—
So do I think of you,
Brother of mine, as the tree,—
Giving the ripest wealth of your love
To the world as well as me.

Oh, the Little-Red-Apple Tree!
Sweet as its juiciest fruit
Spanged on the palate spicily,
And rolled o'er the tongue to boot,
Is the memory still and the joy
Of the Little-Red-Apple Tree,
When I was the little-est bit of a boy,
And you were a boy with me!

BETTY'S BY AND BY.

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

"One, two, three!
The humble-bee!
The rooster crows,
And away she goes!"

AND down from the low railing of the piazza jumped Betty into the soft heap of new-mown grass that seemed to have been especially placed where it could tempt her and make her forget—or, at least, "not remember"—that she was wanted indoors to help amuse the baby for an hour.

It was a hot summer day, and Betty had been running and jumping and skipping and prancing all the morning, so she was now rather tired; and after she had jumped from the piazza-rail into the heap of grass she did not hop up nimbly at once, but lay quite still, burying her face in the sweet-smelling hay and fragrant clover, feeling very comfortable and contented.

"Betty! Betty!"

"Oh, dear!" thought the little maid, diving still deeper down into the light grass, "There's Olga calling me to take care of Roger while she gets his bread and milk ready. I don't see why she can't wait a minute till I rest. It's too hot to go now; baby can do without his dinner for a minute, I should think. Just a minute or so. He won't mind. He's glad to wait if only you give him Mamma's chain and don't take away her watch. Ye-es, Olga—I'll come—by and by."

A big velvety humble-bee came, boom!—against Betty's head, and got tangled in her hair. He shook himself free and went reeling on his way in quite a drunken fashion, thinking probably that was a very disagreeable variety

of dandelion he had stumbled across—quite too large and fluffy for comfort, though it was such a pretty yellow.

Betty lazily raised her head and peered after him.

"I wonder where you're going," she said half aloud. The humble-bee veered about and came bouncing back in her direction again, and when he reached the little grass-heap in which she lay, stopped so suddenly that he went careering over in the most ridiculous fashion possible, and Betty laughed aloud. But to her amazement the humble-bee righted himself in no time at all, and then remarked in quite a dignified manner, and with some asperity: "If I were a little girl with gilt hair and was n't doing what I ought, and if I had wondered where a body was going and the body had come back expressly to tell me, I think I'd have the politeness not



THE HUMBLE-BEE REPROVES BETTY.

to laugh if the body happened to lose his balance and fall,—especially when the body was going to get up in less time than it would take me to wink,—I being only a little girl and he being a most respected member of the Busy-bee Society.

However, I suppose one must make allowances for the way in which children are brought up nowadays. When I was a little —"

"Now, *please* don't say 'When I was a little girl,'—for you never were a little girl, you know," interrupted Betty, not intending to be saucy, but feeling rather provoked that a mere humble-bee should undertake to rebuke her. "Mamma always says 'When I was a little girl,' and so does Aunt Louie, and so does everybody—and I'm tired of hearing about it, so there!"

The humble-bee gave his gorgeous waistcoat a pull which settled it more smoothly over his stout person, and remarked shortly:

"In the first place, I was n't going to say 'When I was a little girl!' I was going to say 'When I was a little *leaner*,'—but you snapped me up so. However, it's true, is n't it? Everybody was a little girl once, were n't she?—was n't they?—hem!—confusing weather for talking; very. And what is true one ought to be glad to hear, eh?"

"But it is n't true that everybody was once a little girl; some were little boys. There!"

"Do you know," whispered the humble-bee in a very impressive undertone, as if it were a secret that he did not wish any one else to hear, "that you are a very re-mark-a-ble young person to have been able to remind me, at a moment's notice, that some were little boys? Why-ee!"

Betty was a trifle uncomfortable. She had a vague idea the humble-bee was making sport of her. The next moment she was sure of it, for he burst into a deep laugh and shook so from side to side that she thought he would surely topple off the wisp of hay on which he was sitting.

"I think you're real mean," said Betty as he slowly recovered himself; "I don't like folks to laugh at me,—now!"

"I'm not laughing at you *now*," explained the humble-bee gravely; "I *was* laughing at you *then*. Do you object to that?"

Betty disdained to reply, and began to pull a dry clover blossom to pieces.

"Tut, tut, child! Don't be so touchy. A body can laugh, can't he, and no harm done? You'd better be good-tempered and jolly, and

then I'll tell you where I'm going, which, I believe, was what you wished to know in the first place, was n't it?"

Betty nodded her head, but did not speak.

"Oho!" said the humble-bee, rising and preparing to take his departure. (And now Betty discovered, on seeing him more closely, that he was not a humble-bee at all, but just a very corpulent old gentleman dressed in quite an antique fashion, with black knee-breeches, black silk stockings, black patent-leather pumps with large buckles, a most elaborate black velvet waistcoat with yellow and orange stripes across, and a coat of black velvet to correspond with the breeches; while in his hand he carried a very elegant three-cornered hat, which, out of respect to her, he had removed from his head at the first moment of their meeting.) "So we are sulky?" he went on. "Dear, dear! That is a very disagreeable condition to allow one's self to relapse into. Hm, hm! very unpleasant; very. Under the circumstances I think I'd better be going, for, if you'll believe me, I'm pressed for time, and have none to waste, and only came back to converse with you because you addressed a civil question to me, which, being a gentleman, I was bound to answer. Good —"

He would have said "bye," but Betty sprang to her feet and cried: "Please don't leave me. I'll be good and pleasant, only please don't go. *Please* tell me where you're going, and if—if you would be so good I'd like ever and ever so much to go along. Don't—do—may I?"

The little gentleman looked her over from head to foot and then replied in a hesitating sort of way: "You may not be aware of it, but you are extremely incautious. What would you do if I were to whisk you off and never bring you back, eh?"

"You don't look like a kidnapper, sir," said Betty, respectfully.

"A what?" inquired the little gentleman.

"A kidnapper," repeated Betty.

"What's that?" questioned her companion.

"Oh, a person who steals little children. Don't you know?"

"But why *kidnapper*?" insisted the little old man.

"I suppose because he naps kids. My Uncle

Will calls Roger and me 'kids.' It is n't very nice of him, is it?" she asked, glad to air her grievance.

"Child-stealer would be more to the point, I think, or infant-abductor," remarked the old gentleman, who saw, perhaps, how anxious Betty was for sympathy, and was determined not to give her another opportunity of considering herself injured.

He seemed to be very busy considering the subject for a second or so, and then he said suddenly:

"But if you want to go, why come along; for I must be off. But don't make a practice of it, mind, when you get back."

"You have n't told me where, yet," suggested Betty.

"True. So I have n't," said the old gentleman, setting his three-cornered hat firmly on his head and settling the fine laces at his wrists. "It's to By and By. And now, if you're ready — off we go."

He took Betty's hand, and she suddenly found herself moving through the air in a most remarkable manner — not touching the ground with her feet, but seeming to skim along quite easily and with no effort at all.

"If you please, Mr. —," she paused because she suddenly remembered that she did not know the name of the gentleman who was conducting her on so delightful a journey.

"Bombus," said he cheerfully, "B. Bombus, Esq., of Clovertop Manse, Honeywell."

"But you're not a minister, are you?" inquired Betty.

"No; why?" returned the gentleman, quickly.

"Because you said '*Manse*.' A manse is a minister's house, is n't it?" asked Betty.

"No, not always," Mr. Bombus replied. "But I call my place Clovertop Manse because it belongs to me and not to my wife — do you see? I call it Manse because it *is* a man's. It is perfectly plain. If it was a woman's I'd say so."

"Well, I don't think you're much of a *humble* bee—" began Betty, and then caught herself up short and stopped.

Mr. Bombus gave her a severe look from under his three-cornered hat, but did not reply at



"HE TOOK BETTY'S HAND, AND SHE SUDDENLY FOUND HERSELF MOVING THROUGH THE AIR IN A MOST REMARKABLE MANNER."

once, and they advanced on their way for some little time in silence. Then the gentleman said:

"I've been thinking of what you said about my not being a humble-bee. Of course I'm not a humble-bee, but you seemed to lay considerable stress on the first part of the word; as if you had a special meaning. Explain!"

Poor Betty blushed very red with shame and confusion, but the gentleman had a commanding way with him and she dared not disobey.

"I only meant, sir," she stammered, "I only meant — I — did n't think you were very humble, because you seemed very proud about the

place's being yours. I thought you were 'stuck up,' as my brother says."

"Stuck up? Where?" queried Mr. Bombus, anxiously. "Pray don't make such unpleasant insinuations. They quite set my heart to throbbing. I knew—I mean I *saw* a humble-bee once," he remarked impressively; "and would you believe it, a little boy caught him and impaled him on a pin. It was horrible. He died in the most dreadful agony,—the bee, not the boy,—and then the boy secured him to the wall; made him fast there. So he was stuck up. You surely can't mean—"

"Oh, no indeed! I meant only proud," replied Betty contritely, for Mr. Bombus's face had really grown pale with horror at the remembrance of the bee's awful fate, and she was very sorry she had occasioned him such discomfort.

"Then why did n't you say only 'proud'?" asked her companion sharply. "You said 'proud' and then added 'stuck up.'"

Betty thought it was about time to change the subject, so she observed quietly that By and By seemed a long way off.

"Of course it is a long way off," replied her companion. "Don't you wish it to be a long way off?"

Betty hesitated. "Well, I don't think I ever wished much about it. Can you tell me how many miles it is from some place I know about? You see, Mr. Bombus, I am pretty sure it is n't in the geography. At least, I don't remember that I ever saw it on the map. Could n't you tell me where it is?"

Mr. Bombus considered a moment, and then asked, "Do you know where Now is?"

Betty thought a minute, and then replied, "I suppose it is Here, sir."

"Right!" assented the old gentleman promptly. "Now, if you had said 'There,' it would have been wrong; for Then is There. You see, this is the way: When we have lived in Now until it is all used up, it changes into Then, and, instead of being Here, is There. I hope it's plain to you. Well, you asked me where By and By was. That's the very thing about it: it never *was*, not even *is*; it's always *going to be*, and it's generally a rather long way from Now; so if you know where Now is you can make

your own calculations as to the distance of By and By."

"But I don't know anything about calculating distances," said Betty dolefully.

"It does n't matter," remarked Mr. Bombus; "for even if you did you could n't apply it in this case. But we're getting on in our journey. Yes, indeed, we seem to be really getting on."

"Why, I should hope so!" returned Betty. "It seems to me I never flew so fast in all my life before and for such a long time. If we were n't getting on, I think I should be discouraged. We seem to be almost running a race, we go so quickly."

"We are running a race," observed Mr. Bombus.

Betty opened her eyes wide and said: "Why, I did n't know it. When did we begin?"

"When we started, child. Pray, don't be stupid," replied her friend a little severely.

"But with whom are we running it?" queried Betty.

"With Time," whispered Mr. Bombus confidentially. "One always has to beat him before one can get into By and By. And then it depends on one's self whether one likes it or not after one gets there."

But even as he spoke Betty seemed to feel herself hurried along more rapidly than ever, as if she were making a final effort to outstrip some one; and then she was brought to so sudden a standstill that she had to do her best to keep from falling forward, and was still quite dizzy with her effort when she heard a panting voice say, "That last rush quite took away my breath!" and found herself being addressed by Mr. Bombus, who was very red in the face and gasping rather painfully, and whom she had, for the moment, forgotten.

Betty said, "My, Mr. Bombus, how warm you are! Sit right down on the grass and cool off before we go any further, please."

"Oh, dear, no!" objected her companion. "That would be terribly imprudent with these cold Autumn winds blowing so, and Winter just over there. I'd catch my death, child."

"Why, I'm sure," replied Betty, "I don't know what you mean. It's as summer as it can be. It's a hot August day, and if you can't sit outdoors in August, I'd like to know when you can."

"Allow me to inform you, my dear child, that it is n't August at all; and if you had half an eye you'd see it, let alone feel it. Do those leaves look as if it were August?" and he pointed to

"I'm afraid so," said Mr. Bombus, replying to her question though she had only *thought* it. "I told you it depended on one's self if one were going to like By and By or not. Evi-



"BETTY FOUND HERSELF STANDING IN AN ENORMOUS HALL THAT WAS FILLED WITH COUNTLESS CHILDREN, EVERY ONE OF WHOM WAS HURRYING TO AND FRO AND IN AND OUT."

a clump of trees whose foliage shone red and yellow in the sunlight.

Betty started. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "How came they to change so early?"

"It is *n't* early," explained Mr. Bombus. "It's the last of October,—even later,—and keeps getting more so every minute."

"But," insisted Betty, "it was August when I first saw you,—a few hours ago and,—"

"Yes, *then* it was August," assented Mr. Bombus, "but we've got beyond that. We're in By and By. Did n't you hear your mother say it would be October By and By. Well, here we are in By and By, and it *is* October. Time is jogging on, back there in the world, but we beat him, you see, and are safe and sound—far ahead of him—in By and By. Things are doing here that are always *going to be done* behind there. It's great fun."

But at these words Betty's face grew very grave, and a sudden thought struck her that was anything but "great fun." Would she be set to doing all the things she had promised to do "by and by"?

dently you're *not*. Oh!—going so soon? You must have been a lazy little girl to be set about settling your account as quick as this. See you later! Good——" but again he was not permitted to say "bye," for before he could fairly get the word out Betty was whisked away, and Mr. Bombus stood solitary and alone under a bare maple-tree, chuckling to himself in an amused fashion and it must be confessed, spitefully. "It'll be a good lesson for her. She deserves it," he said to himself, and Betty seemed to hear him—though she was, by this time, far away.

Poor child! she did not know where she was going nor what would take place next, and was pretty well frightened at feeling herself powerless to do anything against the unknown force that was driving her on.

But even while she was wondering, she ceased to wonder; and what was going to happen had happened, and she found herself standing in an enormous hall that was filled with countless children, of all ages and nationalities,—and some who were not children at all,—every one of whom was hurrying to and fro and in and out, while all the time a voice from somewhere

was calling out names and dates in such rapid succession that Betty was fairly deafened with the sound. There was a continual stir in the assembly, and people were appearing and reappearing constantly in the most perplexing manner, so that it made one quite dizzy to look on. But Betty was not permitted to look long, for in the midst of the haranguing of the dreadful voice she seemed to distinguish something that sounded strangely familiar:

"Betty Bleecker," it called, "began her account here when she was five years old by the World calculation. Therefore she has the undone duties of seven years — World count — to perform. Let her set about paying off her debt at once and only stop when the account is squared"; whereupon Betty was again whisked off, and had not even time to guess where before she found herself in a place that reminded her strangely of home and yet was not home at all. Then a wearisome round of tasks began.

She picked up pins; she opened doors; she shut windows; she raised shades; she closed shutters; she ran errands; she delivered messages; she practiced scales; she studied lessons; she set her doll-house in order and replaced her toys; she washed her face and brushed her hair; she picked currants and stoned raisins; she hung up her skipping-rope and fastened her sash, and so she went on from one thing to another until she was almost ready to cry with weariness and fatigue. Half the things

she did she had forgotten she had ever of returning home. And before she could even promised to do. But she had sent them realize it, she was standing beside Mr. Bombus

into By and By, and here they were to be done, and do them she must. On and on she went, until after a while the tasks she had to perform began to gain a more familiar look, and she recognized them as being unkept promises of quite a recent date. She dusted her room; she darned her stockings; she mended her apron; she fed her bird; she wrote a letter; she read her Bible; and, at last, after an endless space and when tears of real anguish were coursing down her cheeks, she found herself amusing the baby and discovered that she had come to the last of her long line of duties and was canceling her debt to By and By. As soon as all was finished she felt herself being hurried, still sobbing and crying, back to the place from which she had started, and on entering heard the same voice she had listened to before, say: "Betty Bleecker's account is squared. Let a receipted bill be given her, advise her to run up no more accounts, and send her home."

At these words Betty wept afresh, but not now from sorrow, but for gladness at the thought



"AS BETTY TURNED TO ADDRESS HIM, HIS COCKED HAT FLEW OFF, HIS LEGS DOUBLED UP UNDER HIM, HIS EYES ROLLED MADLY, AND HE ROARED IN A VOICE OF THUNDER, 'BETTY!'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

again, with something in her hand which she clutched tightly and which proved to be a signed receipt for her debt to By and By. Then she heard her companion say: "Like to look about a bit before you leave? By and By 's a busy place, don't you think so?" And Betty replied promptly: "Oh no, sir. Yes, sir. Not at all, sir. If you please, sir," quite too frantic at the thought of having to go back, even for a moment, to answer the questions.

But all the while she was very angry with Mr. Bombus for bringing her there,—quite forgetting she had pleaded with him to do so,—and his smiling at her in that very superior fashion provoked her sadly, and she began upbraiding him, between her sobs and tears, for his unkindness and severity.

"It would only have been harder in the end," replied her companion calmly. "Now you 've paid them and can take care not to run up any more debts, for, you mark my words, you 'll have to square your account every time, and the longer it runs the worse it will be. Nothing in the

world, in the way of responsibility, ever goes scot-free. You have to pay in one way or another for everything you do or leave undone, and the sooner you know it the better."

Betty was sobbing harder than ever, and when she thought she caught a triumphant gleam in Mr. Bombus's eyes and heard him humming in an aggravating undertone, "In the Sweet By and By," she could restrain herself no longer, and raised her hand and struck him a sounding blow. Instantly she was most deeply repentant and would have begged his pardon, but, as she turned to address him, his cocked hat flew off, his legs doubled up under him, his eyes rolled madly, and then with a fierce glare at her he roared in a voice of thunder:

"BET-TY!"

And there she was in the soft grass-heap, sobbing with fright and clutching tightly in her hand a fistful of straw; while yonder in the wistaria-vine a humble-bee was settling and a voice from the house was heard calling her name:

"Betty! BET-TY!"

THE BOY-KING, EDWARD VI.

BY ELEANOR C. LEWIS.

AT the distance of about an hour's ride from London is one of the most beautiful palaces in England. The silver Thames runs by its park, and emerald meadows with intervening spaces of forest surround the old, harmoniously tinted, brick building. It has no flare of red, such as latter-day bricks afford, but a soft blending of hues,—dull crimson, seaweed purple, purplish brown,—it is full of varying lights and shadows; subdued in sunshine, warm in color on a cloudy day. The palace covers eight acres, and contains one thousand rooms. There is a Great Court and a Clock Court, a Fountain Court and a Kitchen Court; there are wonderful clusters of ornamented brick chimneys, beautiful terraces, gardens, and greenhouses, with the largest grape-vine in the world; there is an elm beneath

whose branches played Charles the Second, when a boy; there are yews planted by William the Third; and the remains of Queen Anne's orange trees.

The famous Cardinal Wolsey built it for himself, and the completed structure he named Hampton Court. His arms were sculptured over the doors,—his taste arranged, his money furnished, this regal home. Here, at all times, two hundred and eighty beds were kept ready for strangers; here he received ambassadors and princes; and here came to visit him King Henry the Eighth, with his first wife, Catharine of Arragon.

King Henry often paid friendly, informal visits to Wolsey; hawked, hunted, jested, danced, at his will; and, withal, expressed so warm an ad-

miration of his host's splendid home, that eventually it was presented to him, even as it stood. But the magnificent gift could not avert disgrace

he died while Henry and Anne were enjoying their honeymoon at Hampton; nor could he foresee that in three short years it would be her



KING HENRY VIII., JANE SEYMOUR,* AND PRINCE EDWARD.

from the donor. Henry had now a second wife, Anne Boleyn; and as she regarded Wolsey with anything but favor, the King's "awne goode cardinall" was soon a prisoner under charge of high treason. Friendless and stricken,

turn to meet disgrace. One day a queen—the next she was beheaded in the Tower, and Jane Seymour occupied her throne.

This queen also was fond of Hampton Court, and there, in the autumn of 1537, was born her

* One historian of Hampton Court says that the queen shown in this painting is Catherine Parr. But another authority states that the portrait is one of Jane Seymour, added to the picture after her death.

son Edward, ere long to be the sixth of his name in the list of English kings.

The grim father was wild with delight when the prince was born. True, he had daughters—Elizabeth and Mary; but this was a son, a veritable heir to his throne! On such an occasion it was impossible to do too much, and accordingly, the christening was celebrated with unusual splendor. Magnificent carpets, with hangings of red silk and cloth of gold, decked the rooms through which the procession was to pass. A fire-pan full of coals, "with a goode perfume," was provided to keep the baby warm; the christening vessels were of solid silver, and all persons concerned in the ceremony were ablaze with jewels.

Then there was a grand procession to the chapel where the service was held,—first came the attendant noblemen and servants, bearing each a torch or taper; next, Princess Elizabeth, afterward "Good Queen Bess," herself so young that she was carried in arms; then, borne under a canopy, the baby-prince, with a train many times longer than his body; then the Princess Mary, who was to be godmother; then more attendants, more tapers, and at last the procession reached the chapel, and the baby was duly christened. His name and titles were proclaimed, splendid gifts were presented, a *Te Deum* was sung, refreshments were passed—the young princesses being treated to spiced wafers and wine; and finally, with a tremendous blare of trumpets to conclude the ceremony, the child was carried back to its mother.

But only twelve days later the queen mother died. Here, where she had been wife and mother, she now lay in state, watched night and day by her ladies, until she was borne to Windsor for burial.

Although motherless, the little Prince Edward thrived. His household was organized on a scale to correspond with his christening,—with a chamberlain, vice-chamberlain, steward, and governor; an almoner, a dean, and many other high officials; but most important for the baby's comfort, with a nurse and "rockers"!

King Henry drew up with his own hand a list of rules "for the best care and management"—as he wrote it—"of the holle realmes most

preyouse joyelle [jewel], the Prince's Grace." No strangers were to visit him without special order (which was seldom granted); and no visitor must touch the prince except to kiss his hand.

From Hampton the baby-prince was removed to Havering-at-Bower, for change of air. Here came to visit him the lords of council; and the Lord Chancellor Aubrey reported, in the quaint spelling and lofty style of those times, that they had never before seen "so goodly a child of his age, so mery, so plesaunt, so good and lovyng countenauns, and so earnest an ye, as it were, a sage juggement towards every person that repayreth to his Grace; and, as it semyth to me, his Grace encresith well in the ayer that he is in, . . . he shotyth out in length, and wexith ferme and stiff, can stedfastly stond, and wold avaunce hym self to move and go, if they wold suffir hym."

Lady Bryan, one of the court-ladies, made up frequent reports; in one letter telling Cromwell that "his Grace hath uij teeth; uij fol [fully] out, and the forthe apearethe." In another letter she expresses the wish that the King could have seen the young prince on Easter night, "for his Grace was marvelous plesauntly desposed. The mensterels played, and his Grace dawansed and played so wantowly [merrily] that he cold not stend stil, and was so fol of pretty toyes [ways] as ever I saw chylde in my leyf."

About this time the little prince probably looked very much as he does in the first portrait of himself, by Holbein;—with a chubby face, made chubbier by the close-fitting linen cap, above which is a bonnet of red velvet, with a white plume. The dress is of red velvet, around his neck is a gold chain, and he clutches a rattle in one dimpled hand. All his biographers agree that he was a very pretty child, and especially do they praise his brilliant, starry eyes.

Until he had passed what old Hayward calls "the weak and sappie age of sixe," he was brought up among the women. After that age none but men were members of his household, and Dr. Cox and Mr. John Cheke were appointed to care for his education. They certainly made the boy study, for, in the short course of his life, he learned to speak French, Italian, and Latin;

he could read and write Greek; and also he had a fair understanding of natural philosophy, logic, music, and astronomy.

To these attainments was now to be added a practical knowledge of government. He was only nine years old when Henry died,—leaving his throne to a boy-king. Edward the Sixth was duly proclaimed, but until he should be eighteen, his uncle, the Earl of Hertford, was made protector of the realm, being also advanced to the dignity of Duke of Somerset.

To Edward's acts as king his historians have given undue praise,—as in reality they were the acts of his uncles and council. But he studied diligently, thought seriously, and behaved with a gravity which, no doubt, befitted his station, though, to our modern eyes, it seems rather unchildlike. A certain William Thomas had frequent interviews with Edward, and could hardly say enough in his praise. He calls him "the Bewtisiest creature that lyveth under Sunne; the Wittiest, the most amiable and the gentlest Thinge of all the world. Such a spirit of Capacitye, lernynge the Thinge taught hym by his Schoolmasters, that it is a wonder to heare say."

Edward wrote a number of letters to different friends,—some in Latin, some in French, a few in English; but, for the most part, they are stiff and devoid of interest. One of the prettiest is to his father, thanking him for a present of jeweled buttons, and other ornaments. Another is to his sister Mary, assuring her that although he does not write often, he loves her well, just as he cares most for his best clothes although he wears them seldom.

But the most interesting memorial of King Edward is his Diary, "that most judicious journal," as his biographer describes it. It was begun about the time of his accession to the throne, and kept up until six months before his death. The writing is excellent, and the spelling fair.

Although the Diary gives no clue to his tastes and amusements, other writers have mentioned his great liking for perfumes, his attachment to dogs, and his enjoyment of tennis. These are the only boyish traits recorded in his precocious history,—and even these had

little indulgence. When he should have been playing or exercising, he was bent over his desk in study, or solemnly attending councils of state.

Meanwhile, there were changes in the kingdom. When Edward was only eleven, one uncle had been put to death; and now the Duke of Somerset was deposed from the Protectorate, and shortly afterward executed. His king and nephew calmly signed the death warrant, recording in his journal one day that "the Duke of Somerset had his head cut off upon Towre Hill, betwene eight and nine a cloke in the morning." If he felt any grief, he did not express it, even in this private record. Besides, says Hayward, the courtiers did their best to dispel any "dampy thoughts" which the memory of his dead uncle might cause. The common people, despite their love for Edward, seem to have blamed his apathy on this occasion. Mrs. Elizabeth Huggons was actually brought to trial for too frank speeches on the subject,—having been heard to say, among other things, that the young king showed himself an unnatural nephew, and to express the wish that she had had the punishing of him.

No doubt it had been good for him,—that same discipline,—in season! But now the end was close at hand. In 1551 he fell ill of small-pox and measles, and never regained his strength. Within two years, despite the efforts of all his physicians, he was dying of consumption. A little before the end, not knowing that any one could hear, he prayed softly aloud for the welfare of his kingdom; "—indeed," he urged, "I tried to do my best." And finally, "I grow faint," he murmured; "Lord have mercy upon me, and take my spirit." These were his last words. His breathing grew fainter, then ceased. The poor little king was dead.

He was buried August 9, 1553, having lain in state a whole month. With funeral chants and drooping banners, with solemn pomp and grieving hearts, he was borne to Westminster Abbey—the immemorial resting-place of English royalty.

His story may be fitly ended with a line from an epitaph written at the time, and expressing well the love of the people for their young king:

"Adewe pleasure! Gone is our treasure!"



THE PANTHER AND THE BOY. A TALE OF THE NORTHWEST.

THE REASON WHY.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

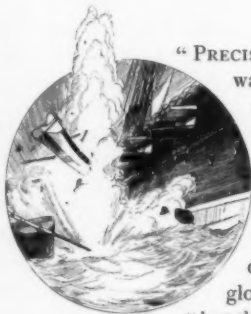


"WHEN I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me —
I did n't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty — bless her little heart! —
Had been so sweetly kind.
"Why did n't *you* laugh, darling?
Or don't you like to tell?"
"I did n't laugh," said Betty,
" 'Cause it was me that fell!"

HOW A SINGLE SHOT WON A FIGHT.

BY J. O. DAVIDSON.



"PRECISELY what all the row was about, I don't profess to remember," said the old quartermaster, as he lit his pipe afresh, and puffed and pulled at it until it was under full headway, and glowing like a live coal; "but the Chilians and Peruvians were at war with each other, and we had been in the harbor two weeks, blockaded by the former, who had a fine fleet outside. We were having altogether a lazy time of it on our steamer, and had nothing in the world to do, until the blockade should be

raised or an earthquake should shake out some new channel through which we might get to sea. Of course the captain and agents were out of temper, but the rest of us did n't care how long the blockade lasted, as we were drawing good pay right along.

"The town lay in a basin-like formation of the shore, with large white stone forts at both ends of the harbor, mounting a few heavy rifled guns, of English make; and there were batteries back of the shipping wharves at the foot of the hills. Our ship lay inside of the forts, and well protected by a stone jetty. She was just out of range of the Chilian fleet, which generally rode at anchor, in a line across the harbor's mouth.

"The blockade was not exciting. For days not a shot would be fired by either side; but

at other times the men-of-war, taking advantage of a good tide or wind, would steam in closer and fire away at us in a lazy fashion all day, the forts replying at longer intervals. Occasionally the enemy's shells would strike the water or burst quite near us, but usually the shots passed over and beyond the vessels, falling among small houses, of the poorer class, in the town down by the water.

"The blockaders ventured in too close one day, and, a stiff off-shore breeze springing up, some of the big guns in the fort, served with extra powder charges, plumped a few holes in them—to their evident confusion, for they

the bridge vociferously assuring those on the little stranger that we were neutrals; nor did he stop until one of her officers politely assured him that they were Peruvians, and that, under cover of the attack of a Peruvian ironclad on the blockading fleet, they had stolen in quietly during the confusion.

"It did not take long for the blockaders to find out that the town had been reënforced by a torpedo boat, for she immediately began a system of attack and annoyance which made their lives both day and night one continued round of apprehension and misery.

"She was a handy little open boat, with a good outfit, and could steam about eighteen miles an hour. She had been brought from England by speculators and sold to the Peruvians down the coast. They had named her 'La Chiquita,' the Little One. She would lie beside us all day at the stone pier with steam ready, her crew sleeping about the decks in the hot sun, most of the time, while her officers played dominoes under an awning aft, and plotted meanwhile some novel method of frightening the blockaders. Occasionally, when they knew the enemy were at dinner, they



"HE STOOD SOLID AS A ROCK, WITH FEET WIDE APART TO STEADY HIMSELF AGAINST THE ROLLING OF THE BOAT."

promptly got out of range and there remained. We were usually very quiet at night, but one dismal rainy morning there was a great commotion outside, with much banging of guns. The reports sounded at one moment like muffled thunder, or, when the wind shifted against the fleet, like some one shutting a heavy barn-door sharply. At about breakfast time, we were suddenly startled by escaping steam. We rushed on deck to see, lying beside us in the misty rain, a long, low torpedo boat. We expected immediately to be blown up, and our captain was on

would make a rush down the harbor in a most warlike and threatening manner. Then the foe would beat to quarters, slip their anchors, and put themselves in a state of commotion, whereupon the torpedo boat would come leisurely back to the dock. In this way they made the Chilians burn tons of coal which it was difficult for them to get, and for which they had to pay big prices.

"It was at night, however, that La Chiquita was in her glory, for in a few minutes after her departure from the dock there would be banging and booming of guns along the enemies' line,

and we could tell about where she was by the uproar around her. Once she stole out close along shore and with a rush came in from the sea through the Chilean ships.

"Their guard boats were unprepared for this attack; and before they knew it she was alongside the admiral's ship, and exploded a torpedo which blew up two or three small boats at the gangway, hurt several sailors, and smashed glass and windows. Then she made off into the harbor before a gun in the fleet could be brought to bear on her in the darkness.

"This scare was too much for the 'Dons,' as the Chileans are called, so they put their heads together and sent to Valparaiso for help. It came finally, in the shape of two brand-new torpedo boats of German make; each of them was larger and faster than La Chiquita.

"The day after they arrived, a slight defect had been discovered in the machinery of our little dock companion; and as her native engineer had fallen sick of a fever at the same time, and was not quite up to duty, one of our engineers, a Yankee boy by the name of Clark, from Boston (and a smart fellow he was, too), volunteered to tinker up the engine. While their own man was up in town getting some supplies, Clark was putting the engine to rights, when a telegram arrived aboard stating that the enemies' two torpedo boats had started early that morning to go down the coast. The lookout at the harbor entrance had sent word that the fog was becoming heavier, and the Peruvian commander ordered La Chiquita out to take advantage of the situation by doing what mischief she could.

"The boat, of course, was ready in a few minutes, but their own engineer was ashore, and the fog prevented their signaling his recall from the town. Go they must, and something must be done at once. But what? While they were discussing the question, Clark, who had finished repairing the engine, was about putting on his jacket, when the captain drew him aside and, after explaining matters, asked if he would act as engineer for that trip, saying, it would be nothing more than an excursion or frolic and that he would be well paid. Now, the Yankee boy had long been wishing for a trip of this kind, but despaired of getting leave of absence for any such purpose. Here was an oppor-

tunity, and an excuse for taking advantage of it, and while coolly replying that he would do it 'as a favor,' he turned on steam, and in a few minutes the saucy little boat was lost to our view and speeding out into the fog with a grand scheme of surprise for the Chileans.

"But, as very often happens, the surprise was destined to come from the other side; for the Chilean torpedo boats had started down the coast only as a ruse, and under cover of the fog had stolen back again, and were quietly lying behind their men-of-war prepared to give their little annoyer a warm welcome.

"Quietly and swiftly La Chiquita stole on until the largest of the enemies' ships was seen to be near,—a dull gray mass without a sign of life about her and apparently at anchor. Still closer ran the torpedo boat, and all was quiet on the big ship. She was almost alongside, and yet the sleepy sentry did not heed. The young Peruvian captain rubbed his hands in glee at the glorious opportunity afforded him, and he had just made the signal for the lowering of the torpedo when 'Bang!' went the sleepy sentry's gun.

"'Never mind,' cried the gay captain, as he felt the bullet pierce his cap. 'You are awake at last, my boy, and just too late!' But no! A dark object darted out from beyond the ship's stern, and behold—there was one of the *absent* torpedo boats! To add to the consternation of the Chiquita's crew, the second torpedo boat now hove in sight, rounding the frigate's bow.

"'We are in a trap,' yelled the captain. 'Stop her! Back her! Starboard your helm. *Hard!!!*' and he fairly danced with rage as the bullets began to sing about him.

"In less time than it takes to tell it, the Peruvian 'surprise party' was in full retreat through the fog, followed closely by the Chilean boats and a hail of small shot which dashed up the spray all around them. The big ships, too, were in pursuit, surging and rocking, their black smoke and their masts visible above the low-lying fog.

"For ten minutes the race progressed finely, the crew of the fleeing craft doing their utmost to escape the fierce pursuers. The officer distributed his men about the boat so as to

give her the best possible balance. Soft coal was being burned and dense black smoke and sparks were pouring furiously from her funnel, but it was evident that the two other torpedo boats were overtaking her, although the men-of-war were dropping behind.

"The officer looked anxiously at Clark and asked, 'Can not you make her go faster?' Clark glanced at the steam-gauge and at the safety-valve, from which a jet of steam was already flying, and shook his head. He screwed down the valve a little, however. The gauge showed ten pounds more pressure, but that was all he dared put on. La Chiquita was rushing 'like a streak' through the water, faster than she ever went before, but it was of little use. The larger boats were steadily gaining. A few minutes more would have ended it. It was too bad, for La Chiquita was almost in the harbor. She had run out of the fog and could see the forts, which dared not fire, however, for fear of hitting their own vessel. The Peruvian sailors crouched in the bottom of the boat while Clark coolly tended his engine, parts of which moved so fast that, as he afterward told me, they looked like a whirling blue mist.

"'Señor,' said the officer to Clark, 'we have done our best, but it won't help us. They are too near to us, we must give up,' and as he said this he proceeded to take from his pocket a handkerchief to wave in sign of surrender. Clark glanced back, and there, not four hundred feet away, was the first pursuer, her sharp snout cutting the water like a knife and throwing the spray to each side. He observed quickly that from her brow projected a spar, on the end of which was a large, black, pear-shaped, vicious-looking torpedo, its head studded with percussion caps. This torpedo was ready to be thrust further forward to blow up La Chiquita as soon as they should come within striking distance. As Clark's keen glance returned along the boiling

wake of his own boat, he noted in the stern-sheets a rifle which belonged to the captain. It was just like the one with which the engineer used to 'pick off' squirrels from the hickory-nut trees, at home in 'the States.'

"He motioned to the captain not to wave his flag of surrender. He gave the engine one more drenching of oil, and the safety-valve another twist, then seized the rifle, carefully adjusted the rear sight, wiped the oil from his trigger finger, raised the piece to his shoulder, and took aim. He stood solid as a rock, with feet wide apart to steady himself against the rolling of the boat. His head was bare and his sleeves were rolled up to his elbows. 'What can he be going to shoot at?' muttered the captain. 'No one is visible on the other boat.' But he noticed that as the pursuing boat, now but three hundred feet away, rose and fell with the swells, and its torpedo bent and swayed from side to side on the end of the spar, the muzzle of Clark's rifle was following it. Now up, now down, now this way, now that, it swung, as if avoiding that keen eye looking through the sights. But, finally, for one moment it paused and was quiet. It was that for which Clark was waiting. There was a sharp report from the rifle! The torpedo, struck by the bullet fair and square on one of the caps, exploded with a tremendous report. The spar and torpedo flew in fragments through the air, and, as the on-rushing boat emerged from the cloud of smoke, it was seen that her bow was shattered and split, and that she was sinking rapidly, while her crew were heard calling upon the other Chilean boat for help.

"Clark laid down the rifle and turned his attention to his engine again as if nothing had happened, and, amid the booming of guns and the dipping of flags in salute, La Chiquita ran into the harbor and was soon at her moorings, thanks to the cool Yankee boy who had saved the vessel with one shot."



BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

DEEP a-wood there 's a wee little play-house I 've
found,
Roofed o'er by the leaves growing thickly
around,
Where the elfin-folk troop, with their spirits
elate,
O' nights when their watches are pointing to
eight.

They have cunningly raised up a stage of green
moss,
And a spider has spun a fine curtain across,
While the footlights are fireflies ranged in a row,
With their wing-shaded lamps shining full on
the show.

A pompous frog orchestra fiddles away,
While the lily-bell dressing-rooms dreamily sway,

As the little play-people, with fast-beating hearts,
Look in mirrors of dew to make up for their
parts.

All around sit the spectators, holding gay chats,
With the ladies bedecked in the highest of hats,
Till a tinkle is heard on a gold buttercup,
And gloves beat pit-a-pat as the curtain goes
up.

Oh, the wonderful plays these small actors strut
through!
I would like to attend one, I 'm sure — would n't
you?
But, if we both went, it would fill them with
fright,
And there would n't be any performance that
night!

THROUGH THE BACK AGES.

BY TERESA C. CROFTON.

SIXTH PAPER.

The Age of Giant Mammals.

WE now come to a time in our history of the ages, when the earth's surface began to look as it does at present with mountain peaks, plains, winding rivers, valleys, and the blue sea. Ferns and mosses grew in damp places, and trees and plants, which now grow only at the tropics, were scattered over the whole earth.

This abundance of tropical vegetation did not last throughout the entire age. The crust of the earth was becoming so thick as to greatly modify the heat from the interior, especially at the poles, where at length it began to grow cold. At one time in the history of the period vast seas of ice extended over the plains.

This age saw all the *high* mountains raised up. The melted interior could find no easy vent through the hard crust, and in forcing its way out it rose high into the air.

The rock-making was particularly interesting, because little animals and plants did the most of it. All the magnificent buildings of Paris are made of limestone taken from quarries near the city. These quarries are composed of layers made entirely from the tiny shells of microscopic animals. No less than one hundred and thirty-seven species exist in these limestone beds. There were other little beings, not so small, that did an enormous share of rock-building. They have received the name "nummulites," from the Latin word "nummus," meaning "money," because their shells resemble coins. In Germany they are commonly called the "devil's money." They are so perfectly formed that one cannot help thinking, on first looking at them, that they have been stamped with a die. In some places mountains of great height are made of their shells. In Egypt the layers are of such extent that since centuries before Christ the rock has been used for building pur-

poses. The ancient Pyramids and the Sphinx are made of this rock.

Beds of lignite, a kind of half-finished coal, are also found amongst the rocks of this age. With it is found the yellow amber, which is only fossil resin from a species of pine tree. It is abundant on the shores of the German Ocean. Insects are often found preserved in it as perfect as on the day they were imprisoned. The first bee of all the ages was found in amber, "an embalmed corpse in a crystal coffin." With it were found fragments of flower and leaf, as if the resin dropped on the flower upon which the bee had alighted, and enveloped both.

It is probable that the first bird made its appearance in this age. In the new red sandstone of the age before, footprints have been found which look as if they had been made by gigantic birds; but geologists think they may have been tracks of birdlike reptiles. The remains of this age, however, are surely those of birds, for tail and wing feathers have been found.

There were a great many different species of crocodiles, tortoises, and turtles. We are told of one crocodile, twenty feet long, which had feet as large as those of a rhinoceros.

The fishes generally resembled those of the present day. There was one shark that measured one hundred feet from head to tail. A shark is quite a curiosity now, but in those days sharks were the rule and not the exception.

But it is not on account of its birds, or its fishes, or its reptiles, that this age is noted. Its one distinguishing feature is the immense number and huge size of its mammals, or milk-giving animals. They were distributed over all the earth. Animals of the same class, which live now only in warm climates, then roamed over the whole globe from pole to pole. Its great water-mammal, the whale, differed from ours only in size. There is one variety of fossil whale

found in the Southern part of our own country, and each bone of its spinal column is a foot and a half long and a foot across. An English geologist, who once visited America, says he saw the skeleton of one whose spinal column extended seventy feet.

For many centuries, at different places on the continent of Europe, people discovered gigantic bones. Little curiosity was excited, until at length some workmen in the quarries near Paris found some bones which were brought to Cuvier, the famous French naturalist. He had just made himself eminent by giving an unlooked-for decision regarding some fossil remains found in Siberia. He compared the bones with human bones and with those of animals now living, and concluded that they belonged to animals different from any that now inhabit the earth. From his knowledge of bones he drew pictures of two animals, to which he thought the bones must have belonged. When he made known his opinion, it caused a great deal of argument. Soon after, complete skeletons were found in the quarries, and these proved Cuvier's pictures correct. These animals were neither tapirs, nor horses, nor rhinoceroses, but resembled all three. They, as well as all the other mammals of this period, were thick-skinned, like our elephants. They varied greatly in size—some were as large as cows, others as small as rabbits. They probably wandered in peaceful herds through the valleys, in quest of pasturage.

The giant of all the mammals was probably a beast called by a name meaning the "terrible animal." Why it should have received this name is a mystery, because there is no evidence to show that there was anything "terrible" about it, except its size. It was eighteen feet high. Its head was four feet long. Its trunk was like an elephant's, and from its lower jaw projected two tusks, curving downward. It lived on a vegetable diet. As it is supposed to have inhabited lakes, rivers, and marshes, like our hippopotamus, it may, some naturalists think, have used its tusks to draw itself up on the banks.

An animal that ought to interest us greatly, because the only five perfect skeletons of it that have ever been found have been found in North

America, is the mastodon. It was considerably larger than the elephant. One skeleton was discovered with the remains of its food between its ribs. They showed that it lived, in part at least, on the small leaves and branches of spruce and fir trees. Away back as far as 1739, when the French owned the Mississippi Valley, a French officer was traveling toward the Great River, guided by some Indians. When he reached a salt marsh in Kentucky, called the "Big Bone Lick," where quadrupeds resorted to lick the salt, he found its shores covered with the bones of this animal which he did not know. He brought some of them home with him; and Buffon, another famous French naturalist, pronounced them the bones of an elephant whose species had died off the earth. Great quantities of these animals must have roamed over North America, for when, in 1763, the English took possession of the French region, cases were filled with these bones and sent off to England.

The great Siberian mammoth, a species of elephant of this period, was from sixteen to eighteen feet high and twice as heavy as any elephant existing to-day. Its tusks were from ten to fifteen feet long, and curved upward with a great sweep. We know all about this animal, for at least two specimens retaining the skin and the hair have been found preserved in the ice in such perfect condition that dogs and wolves have fed on the meat when it had been dug out of the ice.* Its body was covered with long black hair and red wool. Its trunk was like the elephant's, but its legs were shorter. The further north naturalists go, the more remains of this animal are found in the ice. There must have been a temperate climate in the places over which they roamed; for the hair, while it shows the animal could resist *some* cold, is not heavy enough to ward off the cold that exists at present in Arctic regions. Nor if the present low temperature had prevailed there, would there have been food for these vast herds. It is inferred that the cold came suddenly, and killed them; if they had been dead any length of time before the ice enveloped them there would have been some decay.

Northern Siberia, and especially the islands off the coast, were great herding-grounds for these monsters. Some of the islands are com-

* See ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1887.

posed entirely of mammoths' bones and sand, frozen together in the ice. Tusks weighing from 150 to 200 pounds are exported to all parts of the globe, and it seems impossible to exhaust the supply. It is said that the Chinese wrote of these mammoth remains five hundred years before Christ. When the attention of the learned men of Europe was called to them, a great many disputes arose. It was suggested that they were the remains of Indian elephants swept up there by the flood. When they were found farther south, it was said that they were African elephants which Hannibal had brought with him when he came over to Italy to fight the Romans; but Cuvier claimed that an Indian elephant would remain an Indian elephant no matter where it was carried, and that these remains differed from those of any known species of elephant. It at once roused great interest in geology, and more specimens being found, what Cuvier said was proved true.

There is a mammoth in the museum at St. Petersburg of which a curious history is told. One day a Siberian fisherman saw a rounded mass enveloped in ice. He was attracted by its strange shape, and for four years he watched it, the ice melting a little each year. At the end of the fourth year, it had melted sufficiently for him to see that the object inclosed in the ice was a mammoth. The tusks projected from the ice, and he cut them off and sold them. At the end of the fifth summer, which was very warm, the ice melted so fast that the mammoth dropped by its own weight. An Englishman traveling through Russia, and hearing of the monstrous animal that had been discovered at the mouth of a river in northern Siberia, went there to see it. The wolves had eaten a great deal of its flesh, and the natives had cut off more and fed it to their dogs, but there were portions left with the hair upon them. He collected all of the parts that remained (it was minus a foot, which the wolves had perhaps carried off), bought back the tusks from the merchant to whom they had been sold, carried them to St. Petersburg, and sold them to the Czar for about \$6000. The skeleton is now in the Imperial Museum.

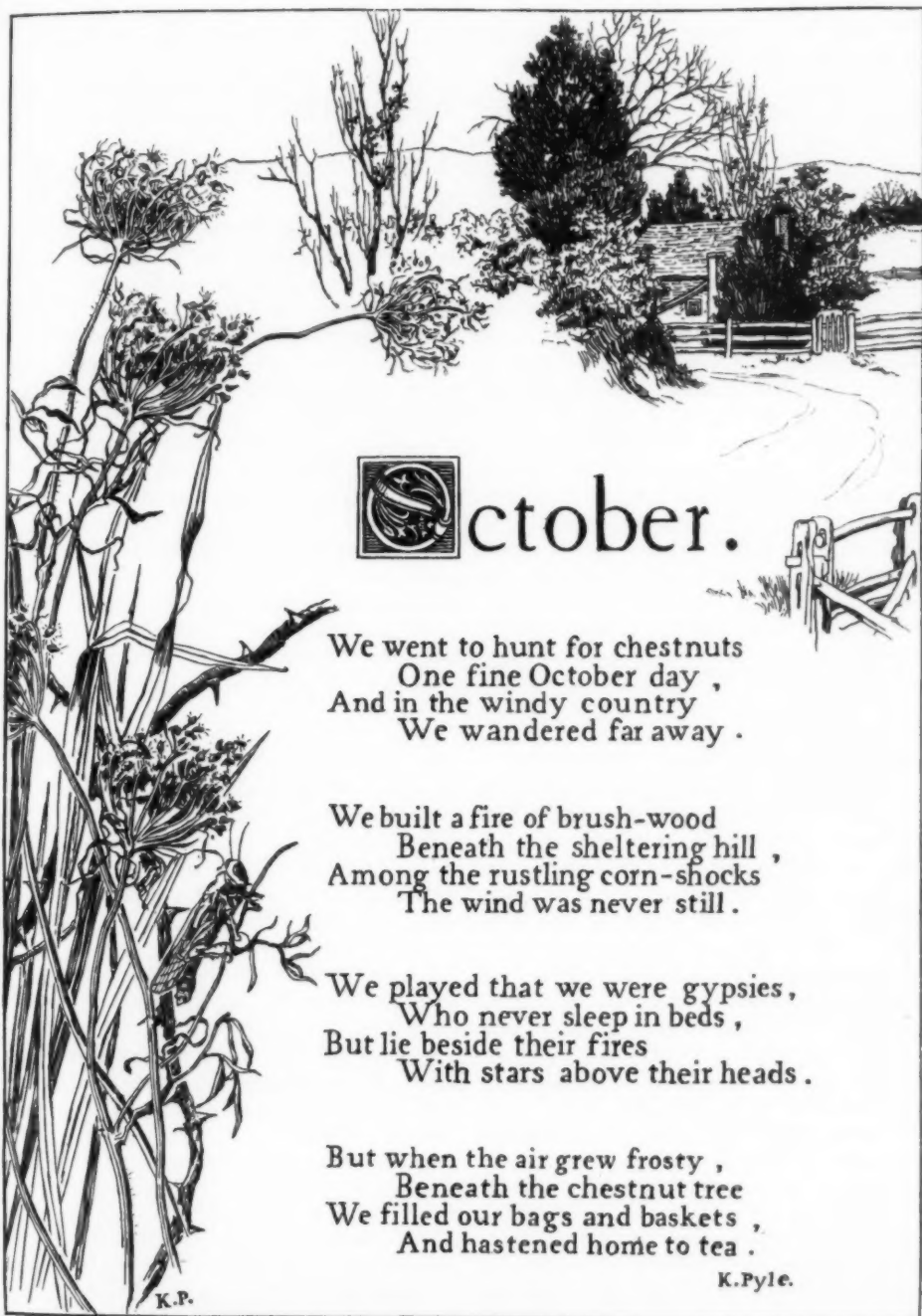
The name "mammoth" comes from a Tartar word meaning "earth-beast." It is a tradition amongst the natives of Siberia that it lives down in the earth, and whenever it comes into the sunlight it dies. Its remains have been found in England and in North America.

During the age of mammals, the sloth, the ant-eater, and the armadillo were represented, only on a much larger scale than now. The oddest of all the odd animals we have met, was the "great wild-beast," an enormous, massive, sloth-like creature, twelve feet long, all of whose bones were twice as thick as an elephant's and whose tail was two feet across. It burrowed in the earth for food and shelter, and pulled down trees to feast on their green shoots and twigs. There was another of the same family which had a double skull. It fed on trees like the first, and was so clumsy that it could not get out of the way when the trees fell; so sometimes its outside skull was cracked, and healed up again without any serious injury. There was a creature six feet long, of the armadillo family, that had a coat of mail. The scales were arranged in the form of rosettes. It resembled somewhat an immense turtle.

Besides these strange animals, troops of tigers and hyenas, which are now confined to tropical countries, roamed over the land. Great cave-bears had their homes in all parts of Europe. There is a famous cave in England, called the Kirkdale Cave, the floor of which is covered with the bones of elephants, tigers, hyenas, bears, and wolves. It is supposed to have been the home of hyenas. These bones are all bitten and broken, showing that the hyenas dragged the animals into the cave, to feed upon them unmolested.

Toward the close of the period, after the reign of ice, the ox, the horse, the deer, and other animals useful to man, began to appear.

The fields were rich with grasses and grain. Fruit trees added to the beauty of the scene, and the fair home was ready for him who was to be "a little lower than the angels."



ctober.

We went to hunt for chestnuts
One fine October day ,
And in the windy country
We wandered far away .

We built a fire of brush-wood
Beneath the sheltering hill ,
Among the rustling corn-shocks
The wind was never still .

We played that we were gypsies ,
Who never sleep in beds ,
But lie beside their fires
With stars above their heads .

But when the air grew frosty ,
Beneath the chestnut tree
We filled our bags and baskets ,
And hastened home to tea .

K.Pyle.

K.P.

A RAT'S CHEVAUX-DE-FRISE.

By JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

SEVERAL centuries ago, the peasantry of Friesland finding their country invaded by a mounted army, and having no cavalry to put in opposition, conceived the idea of stopping the advance of the horses by putting in their way pieces of timber, pierced in X fashion by stout rods of wood, tipped with sharp iron points. It was impossible for the horses of the invaders to make any way against this ingenious device, and, with a grim sort of humor, the soldiers dubbed it the horse of Friesland, or, those particular soldiers being Frenchmen, *cheval de Friesland*. This was presently corrupted to *cheval-de-frise*, or, in the plural, *chevaux-de-frise*.

What the Frisians did then, soldiers who are put on the defensive have done ever since; and so have gardeners who grow tempting fruits, or gentlemen who have attractive dooryards in the city. In fact a *cheval-de-frise*, properly constructed, is so good a barrier to progress, that it seems to suggest itself naturally to both man and beast; for it is not only the soldier who constructs one according to rule, or the gardener who makes one off-hand by sowing broken bottles in mortar on the top of his wall, who has thought of this method of repelling invasion. A great many birds recognize the value of thorn bushes for nesting places, and one bird, at least—the road-runner of our western, or southwestern, plains—displays now and then a sound knowledge of the practical uses of the *chevaux-de-frise*. It is said that its hatred of rattlesnakes is so intense that when it finds one asleep in the warm sand of the deserts it will gather the spiny leaves of the prickly pear—a species of cactus—and surround the snake with them in such a manner that it is impossible for the beleaguered reptile to escape without passing over the spiny wall, a thing he cannot do without becoming impaled upon the sharp spines.

But the most remarkable story of the use of the *chevaux-de-frise* by one of the lower animals is told by a correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. He writes from the southwest, where the arid, sandy, desert lands and the intensely hot sun combine to produce a varied growth of cacti. Some of these rise in imposing columns of great size, some creep along the ground, some bear flowers of the most exquisite hues and shapes, some bear fruit that is juicy and almost luscious, and all are armed in a greater or lesser degree with the sharp spines spoken of in connection with the prickly pear.

Among the worst of these cacti in this respect is the one called *toyo*. Perhaps it is the very worst; for not only is it covered to an unusual degree with the spines, but they are so sharp and so easily detached from the plant, that one has only to lightly touch them to cause them to penetrate the flesh and to separate from the cactus. More than this, there seems to be a poison in the spines for man or beast, and the consequence is that a *toyo* thicket is one of the most highly respected places in the desert. Snakes, coyotes, and other reptiles and beasts give the *toyo* a wide berth. The birds seem to understand this and make the thickets their homes.

For the birds to use the thickets for nests seems natural enough, however, and it is not of this fact that the gentleman referred to speaks in his letter. He was fortunate enough to discover a party of rats engaged in building a veritable fortification, or *chevaux-de-frise*, of the *toyo* spines about their burrow. He had some difficulty at first in discovering what the rats were about, but by making a circuit, and stealing cautiously upon the workers, he was able to see what they were doing. His own description is as follows:

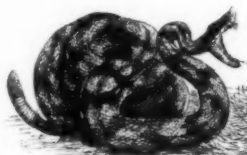
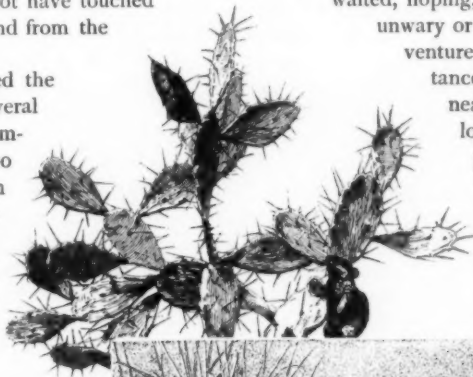
"Some were at the *toyo* thicket, cutting the thorns, others were transporting them with cau-

tious haste to the vicinity of the nest, and still others were setting them in the earth in such a way as to make a perfect and formidable chevaux-de-frise. All the points were turned out, and so thickly were the thorns planted that even the tip of one's finger could not have touched the ground without a wound from the needle points."

The same writer watched the rats at their work for several days, and until it was completed. A circular line of toyo spines was constructed from the rock on each side of the burrow hole. Then he visited them daily for some time longer before he discovered the special purpose for which the fortification had been erected.

"One evening," he says, "while watching them at play, I saw a sentinel rat, at some distance from the nest, come running in with evident signs of alarm. In a moment the scene was changed, and a stream of rats went leaping from one stepping stone to another,"—the rats had for this purpose left a series of these stone steps in the midst of the spines,— "finally diving into the hole, until all had disappeared. Then was made apparent the cause of the fright,— a good-sized rattler

Arrived at the fortification, the snake attempted to cross it, but was repulsed by the spines and drew angrily back. Several times he made the attempt, but seemed satisfied at last that the fortress was impregnable. Coiling himself he waited, hoping, perhaps, that some unwary or overbold rat would venture within striking distance. But none came near, although before long several of the prisoners ventured out to enjoy the discomfiture of the defeated snake, diving back into the hole at the first



THE SNAKE ATTEMPTED TO CROSS THE FORTIFICATION BUT WAS REPULSED BY THE SPINES.

at some distance, winding his way along in chase of the fleeing sentry. He evidently 'smelt a rat,' but was in no hurry, as if sure that the refuge of his intended supper was easy of access and at no great distance."

movement of the enemy, as if fearing that he knew some wile yet to be practiced.

The observer afterward learned that it was usual for the wood-rats of that region to thus protect themselves.



A COPPER BRAZIER.

BY FREDERIC VILLIERS.

FERCELY fighting, with revolver in right hand, sword ready in left, his fair beard begrimed with dust, stood Armand Leslie, one of the few white men who remained to rally the cowardly rabble of Egyptians enrolled under a valiant commander for the relief of the garrison of Toka in the Eastern Soudan. Desperately but hopelessly he fought, his hot Irish blood brightening through the deep tan of his sunburnt features as he fired his last cartridge. Then, hurling the useless weapon into the surging crowd of fanatics, he seized his sword; but before he could strike the cruel Arab spearmen overcame him. And so died the genial, handsome Irish surgeon, Leslie.

We first met in a country very different from the Eastern Soudan. To say that the roads were muddy in that part of the world where we were then would be as mild a statement as to express an opinion that the atmosphere of Bombay in the full burst of the monsoon is rather moist.

The streets of the Servian town of Nisch, in the last week of the year 1876, were mere quagmires. In attempting to cross them there was always a doubt whether the liquid mud would be over one's ankles, as high as one's waist, or up to the neck. The highways and byways were rivers, estuaries, and pools of mud. The houses were built of the same material, and in fact most things were muddy in that Turkish frontier town.

To watch a company of troops crossing a road was an amusing sight to one seated comfortably at a first-floor window. The men would break off from the narrow sidewalk of cobbles into Indian file, and extend at least three paces as

they took running leaps through the mire. Fortunate were those who succeeded in arriving on the other side with the pasty soil only up to their knees. The cause of all this muddiness was a rapid thaw following after many weeks of hard frost, a thaw for its rapidity and thoroughness peculiar to this part of the Balkan peninsula. In a few hours it would freeze just as quickly, converting the streets into glacier-like surfaces again, necessitating the immediate calking of our horses' shoes, and the covering of our boots with raw-hide, perhaps a discarding of them altogether for the moccasin of the Bulgarian peasants. The shining crust of mud reflected the deep cobalt-blue of the bright sky, the morning I rode from my lodgment to the hospital barracks, a few miles out of the town, and, for a wonder, I arrived almost spotless, although my horse's shoulders were dripping little mud-pies on the threshold of the barracks as the Turkish sentry saluted us.

It had been my firm intention not to indulge in much walking or riding till Nischava roads had resumed their normal state of hardness, but a letter that morning had been delivered to me by the hospital orderly, from the chief surgeon, asking me "to come and be of rather important service to him." I was always open to calls in this way from the workers under the Red Cross; hence this letter from Armand Leslie and my fortune in facing the mud.

"Well, what is it, Leslie?" said I, after the usual greeting *à la turque*, for he followed the Orientals in always offering coffee to callers.

"It is, as I stated in my note, rather important business," replied my friend. "Please don't smile. It is a question of waterproof sheeting, beef-tea, condensed milk, and blankets. I have just received from Constantinople a large supply

of these things for hospital use. You are aware that I am the only British surgeon left in Nisch, and that I remain simply to wind up the Society's affairs, and to hand the hospital and stores over to the Turkish authorities before the New Year. That, as you know, will be the day after to-morrow, when you and I have arranged to journey together in the morning to Constantinople to taste once more a little luxury and civilization."

"Yes," I said, and nodded.

"Well, these things," he continued (pointing from the window to the yet unloaded wagon in the yard), "must be distributed to the patients before we leave, and I want you to assist me in the work."

"Certainly, my dear fellow," cried I, "but why not hand them over in store to the Turkish officials?"

"There's the rub," said he. "I can't do it."

"Can't do it?" I queried.

"For a very good reason," replied Leslie.

manufacture mackintoshes out of the waterproof sheeting belonging to the hospital."

"The scoundrels!" I broke out indignantly. But the doctor quickly placed his finger on his lips to enjoin silence, just as an Armenian surgeon in seedy uniform passed under the window.

"You see that young man?" said he. "I caught him only yesterday stealing the sheets from under the patients; and he shamelessly told me what kind of a waterproof he would have made of them if the pieces had not been cut too small. Their unblushing effrontery is too much for me. My poor patients shall not be robbed."

"It is my intention to frustrate such little plans by distributing the stores to each patient, and cutting all the sheeting into lengths impossible for rubber coats. It is to assist me in this work that I have sent for you."

I spent the morning with Leslie in measuring out the sheeting. In the afternoon we passed



"MOST OF THE INVALIDS WERE EATING THE BEEF-EXTRACT AND CONDENSED MILK WITH THEIR FINGERS." (SEE PAGE 1012.)

"These miserable officials would trade with the Franks of the town with the beef-extract and condensed milk; make winter jackets of the blankets, to cover their own bodies; and would

through the wards giving away the hospital comforts, and delivering to each man a pot of Liebig's extract and two tins of condensed milk. After the distribution we returned through the rooms

to explain to the patients the proper use and cooking of the provisions. On entering the first ward, for this purpose, to our dismay we discovered that most of the invalids were sitting up in bed ravenously eating their respective shares of beef-extract and condensed milk with their fingers. We never heard what effect this concentrated mixture had upon their digestive organs, for we started early next morning for Constantinople.

But, at all events, Leslie's patients were, for once, not robbed of their rations.

It was the eve of the New Year. A bitter frost had set in during the night. The roads were as hard as they had been soft a few hours before. The tower of skulls glistened in the bright sunshine, as we halted at the grim trophy a few miles from the town. This ghastly edifice was built after a Servian rebellion about seventy years before. The Serbe prisoners captured by the Turks were marched to this spot. Men, women, and little children were decapitated, and their heads built up with plaster in horizontal rows, making four walls three feet thick and fifteen feet in height. Many of the skulls had already rolled out of their niches, and had

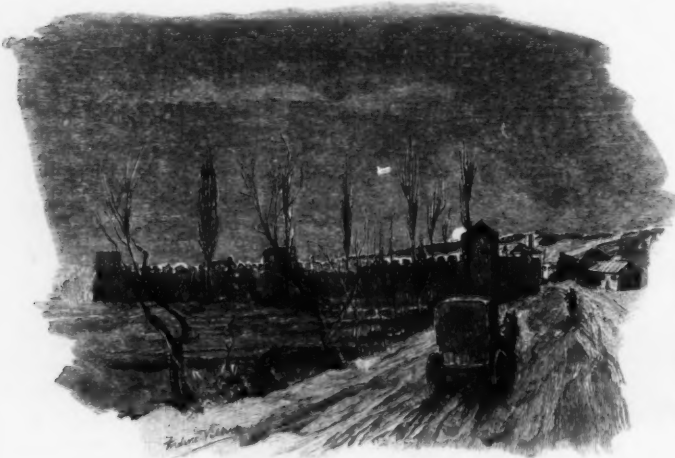
Lom Palanka, where we arrived as the sun sank in a large red ball behind the row of poplars flanking the road and surmounting the picturesque ruins of the old Turkish fortress.

When we entered the courtyard of the inn, darkness had fallen. The burning charcoal, fanned into a state of purity for heating purposes by boys seated round the braziers on the balconies, gave forth a glow of comfort and hospitality. The inn was well patronized that night and rooms were scarce, so Leslie and I decided to share the same apartment, one opening upon the balcony of the courtyard. We divested ourselves of our furs, and, assisted by a servant who poured water over our hands from the long spout of a kind of tea-kettle ewer, we were able to wash in a primitive way at one of the troughs fixed on the balustrade at the corners of the quadrangular balcony. The soapy liquid drained through holes in the trough to the flags below, falling on the backs of some herons we had noticed flapping about the yard. One irate bird, with shrill cries, lazily settled himself upon the roof of the cook-house opposite, and looked down from this point of vantage with calm dignity, mightily puzzled, no doubt, as to why mankind

should carry on its washing so far into the night.

We dined in the café below on meat soup, baked turkey, and plenty of red pepper. The wine of the country cheered our drooping spirits, and after coffee and cigarettes we played a game of French billiards on the rickety old table in the center of the room, and soon after retired to rest. There were two small trestle bedsteads, set end to end on the side flanking the door of our room. A window, well closed with wooden

shutters, opened, as did the door, to the balcony. The night was exceedingly cold. We rolled ourselves in our blankets and furs, and were soon fast asleep. I was too tired and weary to dream, but suddenly I found myself awake,



WE ARRIVE AT LOM PALANKA.

been trampled into the earth or carried away by jackals or wolves. A few still remained to tell the terrible story, and to bear witness to the barbarity of the Moslem. We traveled all day, toiling over the rough roads of the Balkans to

sorely depressed and miserable. The room was oppressively warm. I tried to rise in bed to relieve myself of one of the furs, but all power of movement seemed to have left me, and I had a horrible feeling of suffocation. I tried to call my friend, but my tongue was powerless. At last I was able to repeat, hardly coherently:

"Leslie, Leslie!"



"I HEARD HIM INHALING THE PURE NIGHT AIR THROUGH A CHINK IN THE PANEL OF THE DOOR."

Then he awoke. I could hear him trying to sit up in bed.

"Heavens! Villiers," cried he, "I think I am dying!"

"That's exactly my feeling," I was now able to whisper, "I never felt such pain in my life"; for my head ached as if a blacksmith was taking it for an anvil, and with swinging regularity beating out, on my cranium, a red-hot horse-shoe. An appalling sickness overcame me. I heard Leslie, with a groan, fall back in his bed. In this way we both lay for some time, till the doctor in short, weak gasps exclaimed:

"How hot—the room is! It was cold

when—we went to bed. What on earth can be the matter? Good heavens!" he cried, and with great exertion he struggled to a sitting posture once more. "Try to get—out of bed or we are—lost, Villiers."

"No use," I faintly murmured. "I can't move."

"We *must*," said Leslie, "or we are dead men! Look! Look!" and he pointed to the center of the room.

My heavy eyes slowly followed the direction of his arm, and there, close to the floor, was a dull, ruddy glow; a glare like that from the eye of the fiery dragon of legendary lore.

"That fire," gasped my companion, "is unpurified charcoal. We are being slowly poisoned!"

The terrible truth flashed on me in a moment. A brazier of insufficiently burnt charcoal had been placed in our room after we had fallen asleep.

"Villiers," continued Leslie, "unless we can manage to crawl to the door we shall probably never see the light of

day! Listen to me," he went on, "and do as I tell you. Shift yourself to the edge of the bed, and roll over to the floor." This I managed to do. "Now, for your life, drag yourself up to me!"

With excruciating agony racking every limb, I turned over on my back and gradually wriggled along the floor with alternate movements of my shoulder-blades. At last I reached Leslie's side. Then, shoulder to shoulder, we assisted each other to the door.

"Thank heaven!" murmured Leslie, and I heard him inhaling the pure night air through a chink in a panel of the door. I then took

my turn and placed my mouth to the narrow opening. The cool, fresh air immediately gave us strength. We were soon able to rise on our knees and unlatch the door, and then a wave of frosty air swept over us.

After an inexpressible feeling of thanksgiving for our safety, a reaction set in of bitter revengefulness toward the cause of our dire sufferings. We instinctively crawled back into the room, and seizing the copper brazier, dragged it out upon the balcony, and by a supreme effort tilted it over into the courtyard below.

With a loud crash it fell, scattering the live charcoal into a thousand stars. The herons,

and redder, as they gradually died into white ashes.

The ringing noise of the swinging iron bars under the hammers of the Bulgarian bellmen, announced the dawn of a New Year, from the wooden signal-tower in the town, before the servants in our hostelry began to bestir themselves. The cook, crossing over to the kitchen, was the first to notice the advent of the copper brazier in the center of the courtyard. There was quite a motley little group gathered round it before anybody began to look about for the cause of its advent. We were at last discovered, still with our heads over the balcony, and staring



"QUITE A MOTLEY LITTLE GROUP GATHERED ROUND THE BRAZIER."

disturbed once more, rose with wild cries into the air, flapping themselves over the roof of the inn. Then all was silent. We lay prone, stretched outside our room, with our heads over the edge of the balcony, deathly sick and absolutely helpless. With vacant eyes we watched the stars of that detestable charcoal turn redder

hard at the crowd below. Unconscious, stiff and cold, we were lifted, and placed on our beds. Not till another dawn lighted Lom Palanka were we in fit condition to continue our journey.

How the metal brazier came into our room we never were able to discover. Appalled by so serious an accident, the servants denied all

knowledge of it. Could it have been in revenge for Leslie's laudable action in the matter of the hospital stores? In the mixed crew

in the Eastern Soudan, I identified poor Armand Leslie's body.

I could not help thinking, since we must all



"THE SWINGING IRON BARS HERALDED THE DAWN OF A NEW YEAR."

of officials at Nisch, perhaps one might have been vindictive enough for so dastardly a deed.

When, five years later, I shared the fortunes of Sir Gerald Grahame's avenging army to Toka,

die, it was indeed a happy fate that his brave heart should cease to beat while he faced a valiant foe, rather than that so noble a soldier should be stifled to death by the poisonous fumes from a copper brazier.

WILL AND WON'T.

BY CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.

How naughty and blunt a cruel "I won't"! While sweet things distil from gracious "I will."

Yet, sometimes they do change so queerly about,
The meaning of each can be turned inside-out.

"I will" can be naughty, "I won't" can be good,
And children decide it. If only they *would*
Make those strong little words always pull
the right way,
'T would give us bright sunshine the cloudiest
day.

RINKTUM

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



In the Land of Rinktum
(Riddle, riddle, rink),
All the happy people-weeple
Never stop to think.
Through the streets they laughing go,
Curtseying to high and low,
With a nod, and a wink,
With a jig, and a jink.
Happy land of Rinktum Rink!
I will go there, too, I think.

In the land of Rinktum
(Riddle, riddle, rink),
Every little noisy-boysy
Lemonade can drink.
In the street, all a-row,
Lemon fountains fall and flow,
With a splash, and a dash,
With a gold and silver flash.
Happy land of Rinktum Rink!
I will go there, too, I think.

In the Land of Rinktum
(Riddle, riddle, rink),
Every bud 's a rosy-posy,
Every weed 's a pink.
Candy shops, lollipops,
Barking dogs and humming-tops.
Happy land of Rinktum Rink!
I will go there, too, I think.

BAT, BALL, AND DIAMOND.

BY WALTER CAMP.



"WE CROSSED THE HOME PLATE WITHIN THREE FEET OF EACH OTHER." (SEE PAGE 1018.)

SIXTH PAPER:

REMINISCENCES.

WHEN old college ball-players get together they are always glad to recall the exciting game or games of their college course, and I have noticed that as a rule the players of the present day are by no means disinclined to listen to the tales. Sometimes, I confess, the younger players seem rather sceptical of certain incidents narrated by the veterans, and I must admit that the magnifying mist of a few years' distance may perhaps lead the older players into exaggeration. However, I shall conclude this series with a few of these stories. I wish to play over again, "for fun," a few incidents from games upon which once seemed to hang my stake of happiness for the time. If I exaggerate, I hope the boys will forgive me and remember that they, too, may some time need a little leeway in telling how they won or lost.

Of all games in which I have played, the most remarkable for a sudden revulsion of feeling

was one between Harvard and Yale played upon Jarvis Field, in June of 1882. It was in the days of the Intercollegiate Association, and Yale had already lost a game to Brown and one to Harvard, so that it was the general impression that Yale would lose this game and be practically out of the race for the championship. About seven thousand people were gathered about the field and they seemed an unbroken mass of crimson. Just a few stray bits of blue showed where an occasional Yale sympathizer sat. Yale went first to the bat but failed to score. Harvard followed suit. In the second inning, a muff by the Harvard first-base man followed by the Yale catcher's making a "two-bagger" hit gave Yale a run. Our happiness was short-lived, however, for in the third inning Harvard made two runs, followed by another in the fifth. Yale scored one in the seventh, but Harvard matched it with one in the eighth, so that we began the ninth with Harvard four to Yale's two. I think we had not the least hope of winning.

I remember feeling, as we came in for the

ninth inning, that this defeat would settle our chances of the championship, and thinking how the crowd of boys who, as I knew, were sitting on the Yale fence awaiting the news, would hear it and dwindle away in silence to their rooms. Our first man at the bat in the ninth inning went out quickly; and our catcher followed, with the same result. Wilcox, the last man on our batting list, came to the bat. Two men out, two runs to reach even a tie, and three to win! I noticed that the crowd was leaving the field, and that the young rascal who had charge of our bats was putting them into the bag.

"Here, you! stop that!" cried I, for we all were superstitious about packing up the bats before the last man was out. Besides, I was the next batter, if Wilcox should by any chance reach his base, and I wanted my bat. "Two strikes," I heard the umpire call and then at the next ball, to my great joy, "Take your base," and Wilcox trotted away to first. I remember thinking how much I would give for a home-run, and then there came a good ball just off my shoulder and I hit it with all my power. It went between third and short-stop on a swift drive, but bounded high, as I afterward learned, for I was meanwhile running at my best speed toward first. When I was fifteen feet from that base, I saw the baseman give a tremendous jump up into the air and I knew somebody had made an overthrow. How I ran then!—for every base I passed I knew was one nearer to tying the score. As I came dashing past third-base, I saw Wilcox just ahead of me, and we crossed the home-plate within three feet of each other. Our next batter took his base on poor pitching and stole second; the next followed with a base-hit past second which brought the first runner home with the winning run. We then went into the field, put three Harvard men out and won the game—when probably half the seven thousand spectators were already on their way home with a victory for Harvard in their minds.

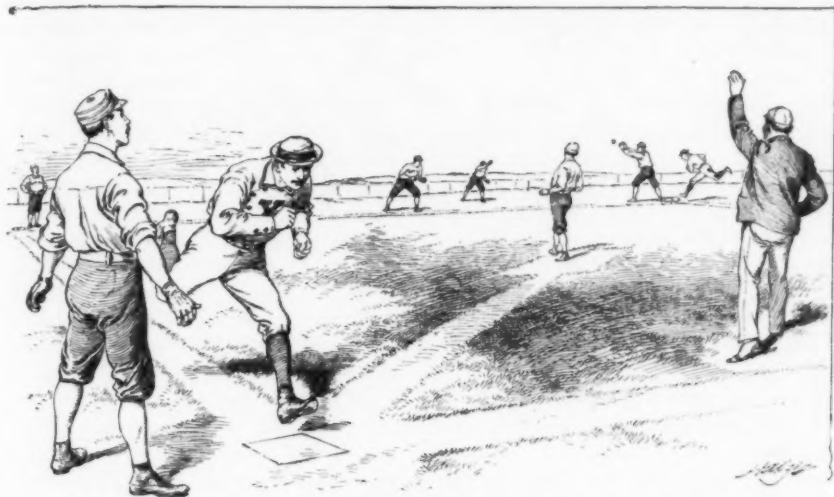
I remember a singular case of an undecided match which was played at New Haven in 1881, between the New Yorks and the Yale nine. Brouthers, who has since become so remarkable a batsman, was on the New Yorks at that time. The case in dispute occurred in

the sixth inning, but owing to the indecision of the umpire no settlement was reached, although the nine innings were played, leaving the score a tie, according to Yale's claim, or a victory by one run for the professionals, if their claim was allowed. Yale was at the bat with two men out, and Gardner—a Yale man—was running to second when the ball was pitched. Walden, our striker, sent a base-hit, upon which he tried to take second. The fielder, instead of throwing home as he had at first intended, seeing Gardner well along between third and home, fielded the ball to second. The umpire, as soon as he saw the fielder change the direction of his throw, forgetting the necessity of noting the time when Gardner crossed the plate, ran down into the diamond to obtain a nearer view of the play at second. Walden was put out, but so far as human eye could judge exactly at the moment when Gardner crossed the plate. The umpire did not see Gardner at all, and was therefore wholly unable to say whether the run counted or not. At the end of the ninth inning the New Yorks refused to play further, claiming the game. It was some slight satisfaction to the college nine that just a week later they met the New Yorks again and defeated them by a score of ten to four.

One of the most exciting contests in which I ever took part was a game with the Providence League nine, in 1881. Yale had had a remarkably strong nine the previous year, and many of the players had remained in college, so that our nine was really a veteran organization. We, as well as the college in general, had been looking forward to this game with more than usual interest as the Providence nine had some old scores to settle with us. Yale lost the toss and we went to the bat. The first two men were put out easily, but Walden came to the rescue with a three-base hit. Allen, our next batsman, drove a swift ball to short-stop, which gave him a base-hit, and Walden scored. Allen started for second on the first ball pitched, which the batsman hit safely, and Allen scored. Our next man went out at first, leaving Gardner on second but Yale with two runs for a beginning. We took the field and easily retired the first two men on the Providence list. Then Farrell came to the bat and knocked a two-base

hit. Ward stepped up to the plate and broke our hearts by sending the ball out into the track for a clean home-run, Farrell of course scoring. The next man went out to first and we came in to the bat with the score tied. Our first batter sent a high fly into the field, but luckily it was

and Yale came to the bat in the first half of the ninth, with the score five to three in her favor. Two runs seemed like a safe lead, but we were anxious to increase it. One man out—two men out, and Badger came to the plate. Two balls were pitched, and then he hit



"THE UMPIRE DID NOT SEE GARDNER AT ALL, AND WAS THEREFORE WHOLLY UNABLE TO SAY WHETHER THE RUN COUNTED OR NOT."

not caught. The batter then attempted to steal second, but was put out. The next striker reached first-base safely but was forced out at second by his successor's ground hit. With a man on first and two out, we had little hope of scoring, but Hutchison, our batsman, made a safe hit upon which the runner managed to take third. Hutchison went to second on the first ball pitched, and Lamb brought them both home by a double. The third man went out on a fly, but Yale was jubilant with the score four to two.

Providence failed to score in her half. The third inning went by without a run; but in the fourth, each side scored one, thus keeping Yale still in the lead, five to three. In the fifth inning neither side crossed the plate, although Providence had two men on the bases who were retired by a double play. The sixth inning went by, the excitement growing more and more intense, and both sides playing a perfect game. In the seventh, Providence again had men on bases, but another double play swept them off. The eighth inning was another blank,

a beauty into left center for a home-run! How the crowd cheered! The next man went out easily, but six to three was surely safe.

Providence came in, and I well remember that Joe Start and Johnny Ward looked anything but pleased at the prospect. After one man went out they seemed to find the ball, and Gross, Matthews, and Denny each made a hit which, with clever base-running, brought in two runs. Denny stole third by a desperate slide, having gone to second on a throw home which failed to catch Matthews. One man out, a man on third, one run to tie the score!—the Yale audience hardly dared breathe as McClellan came to the bat. He hit a sharp grounder to Hopkins, who was playing first-base for Yale, and Denny came down the line for home as if his life depended upon that run. Hopkins took the ball cleanly and drove it in to the plate just as Denny, in a cloud of dust, threw himself across it! "Safe!" said the umpire, and the score was tied. McClellan had gone straight on to second, and as old Joe Start took his place at

the plate, I know more than one of us felt that the victory we had counted on was gone. McClellan took all the lead he dared, on every ball, for he meant to come home on a hit. The third ball pitched suited Start, and he hit it squarely along the ground, but straight at Hutchison who was our short-stop. McClellan was within three feet of third when Hutchison got the ball and sent it over to Hopkins, putting out Start. Meanwhile McClellan was taking his run home just as fast as he knew how. But Hopkins was too swift for McClellan, the catcher put him out, and six to six was the score!

I don't know how it was with the spectators, but I know that the nine Yale men in uniform were glad the inning was over.

The tenth inning had no long-drawn-out suspense about it. Lamb, who was first at the bat for Yale, made a single. Walden, the next batsman, immediately followed with a three-base hit; Gardner took first on wild pitching, and the writer had the pleasure of sending them both home by batting a single; being, later, the third man out on a double play. Then the Providence players went out one, two, three, and we rode home with our heads in the air.

Perhaps you think that all the games I remember are those in which Yale won. Naturally those are the ones I like best to recall, but in the same year that we had rejoiced over such a game won from Providence, we visited Princeton and learned that some other boys could play ball too. The game was not of particular interest until the fourth inning, when Yale by a home-run of Hutchison's had just left the score six to one in her favor. Princeton came in to the bat and set about overcoming this long lead. Their first man took first-base on balls, stole second on a passed ball, third on a fielder's error and came home as Schenck, a Princeton batsman, drove the ball past short-stop. Then Harlan, their next batsman, went out, short to first, and his successor, Winton, struck out. Archer, who came next, brought Schenck home with a hit, but the following batter ended the inning by a fly. Score, six to three in Yale's favor. There was no scoring in the fifth and sixth innings, although Yale succeeded each time in getting men on bases. In the seventh, Yale again began with a single but failed to do anything more and

Princeton came to the bat. Winton struck three times, but the Yale catcher dropped the third ball and then threw wild to first. Archer struck out. Winton then came home on a wild pitch and a passed ball, the Yale battery evidently going to pieces. The next Princeton batter went to first on balls. Then another was put out, and a Princeton player named Wadleigh, came to the bat. He was quite equal to the occasion, and sent a fine three-base hit into left field, bringing a run home. But the succeeding batsman went out, and the eighth inning opened with the score six to five in Yale's favor. The game was becoming decidedly interesting. One, two, three, Princeton put us out as we came to the plate. We returned the compliment when they came to the bat, so far as two men were concerned, but under these circumstances Princeton proceeded to brace again. Harlan hit for three bases, Winton followed with a single on which Harlan came in and tied the score. Archer followed with another single, on which Winton took third and scored what proved to be the winning run, while the next batter was striking out. We came to the bat for the ninth, and after two men were out, Platt made a two-base hit for Yale and I succeeded him, with a chance to tie the score by batting him in. I hit the ball hard, driving it, as we all thought, over the head of a Princeton fielder named Loney, but by a magnificent jump he reached and held it, and the game was over. Then a sad and quiet little band of men stole away to the train and left New Jersey.

When asked what play I recall as most singular in my remembrance of college games, I tell the tale of a game Yale once played with Brown University at Providence. The field there was backed by a stone church behind center, and an occasional very long hit would strike it. In an open field such a hit would have resulted in a home run. Yale had, I believe, made some objection to the ground on that account; but on this particular occasion, as it proved, the church assisted Yale very materially. The game was a commonplace one up to the ninth inning, Yale having scored six runs and Brown none. When Brown came in to complete the game, in the ninth, the crowd had already become considerably diminished, and

the few remaining were standing about the edge of the field making ready to go home. The first man at the bat made a hit, the second followed with another. The third man went out on a fly to the Yale pitcher. The next batsman made a base-hit, which was so slowly handled in the field that the first two men scored, the batter going on to second on the throw home. The next man at the plate hit a grounder to second, who attempted to throw the runner out at third, but threw wild and both men scored, thus making the score, Yale, six; Brown, four. The next batter took first-base on balls. The Yale pitcher struck out the following batter. The runner who had taken his base had meantime stolen second. A home run now would tie the score, and the Brown man at the bat evidently realized this, for he made a long drive into center field. The Brown crowd yelled madly with delight; but the ball struck the church and bounded back to the fielder, who turned instantly and fielded it home, putting out the man who was running in from second by the veriest scratch I ever saw on the ball-field.

I don't know that any man on the Yale nine ever earned the heartfelt gratitude of its every

member to such an extent as did George Clark, our right-fielder in a game at Cambridge in 1880. The game was one of those intensely exciting contests which sometimes occur between closely-matched nines. We had scored two runs in the first inning, and Harvard had scored one. From the end of that first inning, both sides had been struggling desperately to score, but without success. Repeatedly, men had been on the bases, and some one or two had been thrown out at the home-plate. Harvard came to the bat for the ninth inning and their first batter went out by a throw from short-stop to first-base; a second batsman followed with a base-hit; a third went to first-base on an error which gave the runner second. The next man batted to third, thus forcing out the runner at that base. The next batsman, whose name was Fessenden, came to the bat and hit what certainly appeared to all of us, and to the spectators, to be a home-run over the low rail fence on the right-field side. Clark had started on the instant the ball was batted, and coming to the rail just as the ball was passing over, he reached far out, and to our supreme delight, caught and held it, leaving us winners.

BUTTERFLY HONEY.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

I.

HEV, my gay rover!
Skimming the crest of the clover,
Happy-go-lucky, ne'er-do-weel fellow,
Idlest of creatures alive!—
Why not provide you a hive,
And store it with good things dulcet and mellow?
I'll come, by and by, to see how you thrive.

II.

For butterfly honey
Is rarer than Oberon's money:
I've heard of a few that found the bright penny,
But if ever you left one sip
Of sweet on a petal's tip,
At least, 't was never my luck to find any,
Though searching the blossom from heart to lip.

III.

'T will be my good pleasure
To come and partake of your treasure;
Wine o' the lilac and daffydowndilly,
And all the dainties you found,
Making your May-morning round,
And midsummer thefts from the rose and the lily:
With goldenrod cordial the feast shall be crowned.

IV.

(*The Butterfly Replies.*)

Ha, ha! but I'm wiser
Than you, my thoughtful adviser,—
My eloquent friend,—my silver-tongued suitor!
I am no slaving bee,
To pay you your lordly fee!
Ha, ha!—a hive for a gallant free-booter!
No honey of mine you ever shall see!

THROUGH A DETECTIVE CAMERA.

BY ALEXANDER BLACK.

YES, this is to be a "detective" story.

And to properly begin this story I must tell you that there once lived a man who had a camera. At the time of which I speak every second person was not an amateur photographer, as we find the case nowadays. There were then only a few cameras in the world, and these were so clumsy and queer that no self-respecting modern camera would think of finding in them the slightest trace of family resemblance.

Now, this man, who lived in France, and whose name was Daguerre, had made some wonderful discoveries in his littered Parisian workshop, and the news had gone out over the world that the reflection of a landscape or of a person's features on the face of a piece of metal could be permanently fastened on the glossy surface. Everybody agreed that this was a surprising thing; and Daguerre was soon bothered by a multitude of people from many countries who wanted to know how it was done.

Of course these first sun-pictures were very different from those we now call photographs. There was certainly one very important fact about the whole series of experiments. There was not a child-portrait among them.

But one day,—and this really brings me to what I started out to tell,—Daguerre led into his new photographic studio a little child. The inventor had been fussing over his chemicals and wished to try a new and daring experiment in picture-making. At this time, the poor sitters had to keep still for a very long while—so long a while that the matter of "looking pleasant" had never even been thought of. And to help the sun and the camera along, it was found advisable to whiten the subject's face with powder. Daguerre induced this child to let him powder her face, and his notion was that with great care he might then accomplish the first child-portrait with the camera. But when she had been lifted into a very high seat, with a clamp at the back

to hold the head still, and an awful glare of light falling in upon it all, the little sitter's courage began to escape. Daguerre tried his best to get her interested, and to secure a promise that she would look steadily at a certain point until he should have finished the picture. The sitter made promises, but it was all too terrible. And when, by mere accident, she saw a reflection of her own whitened and frightened face in a little mirror on the wall of the studio, her lip quivered, two tears ran down over the white powder, and a startled sound told the anxious photographer that he must make his first child-portrait some other day. It was months later when Daguerre made his first portrait of a child.

For a great many years it continued to be a very difficult thing to make pictures of the baby. Of course there are babies who sometimes keep very quiet, even while they are awake. At least I have read about them, and probably nobody would go to the trouble of writing such things if they were not true. Babies of that kind never gave much trouble. When the photographer danced about the camera, flinging himself like a Harlequin, making surprising faces, and pinching a rubber tube to bring a chirping noise from the "little bird" with blue feathers, these babies always gazed with an interested smile in precisely the right direction, and kept on gazing for the right number of seconds.

But unfortunately the average baby has always been of a very different kind. If the faces and the tin bird frightened him, he began to cry. If they amused him, he began to giggle and clatter his heels. He never felt altogether like keeping absolutely still. So the inventors who were thinking out new kinds of lenses and plates were compelled to give up a good part of their time in devising "baby charmers," like the tin bird. These struggles in the gallery had, too, the result of giving the baby a bad reputation; that is, a bad reputation among

the photographers, who counted the adventures with the children as among the necessary evils of the business. The people at home naturally regarded the baby's conduct in a much less serious light; yet even they seemed to feel that somehow the baby was responsible for the failures. Nobody seemed to think very much about the baby's rights in the matter.

They all were trying to make the baby slower when the thing to do was to make the camera quicker.

Happily, photography did by degrees become steadily more rapid. Not only were more beautiful lenses made to carry the image through into the dark interior of the camera where the silvered plate stood ready to receive its impression, but the plates were made increasingly sensitive to light, until only a fraction of a second was required to do what once had occupied several minutes. To the baby this change was immensely important. No more iron clamps on the back of the head, much less dancing by the photographer, and almost no shouting at all. As for the tin bird, his poor throat became dry and rusty from disuse.

The photographer now began to have very different feelings toward the baby. The pattering of little feet on the gallery stairs no longer filled him with uneasy emotions. Indeed, the hardened professional photographer has actually welcomed the baby, has actually received him with a smile—a real smile, and not merely a pleasantry to gratify mamma. Baby has been publicly invited (in a sign by the door) to come up and be photographed instantaneously. After being abused and distorted (by the lens) for so many years he was even made the medium of "artistic effects." This was a great triumph for photography; but it was a greater triumph for the baby.

The triumph, however, was not complete. The little people could at last be photographed very quickly, and even when they did not suspect what the lens was doing. But all this had to be done in a gallery, where the children find themselves so strangely surrounded that it is difficult to feel sufficiently at home to look natural. The great bare reflecting screens, the rustic rails, the artificial grass, and the glare of the skylight very often produce an effect on the

young sitter that does not please the critics at home. Baby, even if allowed a little liberty of movement in front of the gallery camera, must be kept nearly in the same spot. It became clear after a time that if this difficulty was to be overcome, the baby must not be taken to the camera, but the camera must be taken to the baby.

So long as the camera remained upon its awkward tripod it could make no such journey, and Mahomet had to keep on coming to the mountain. But by and by, after much puzzling by the inventors, the problem was solved, and the mountain went to Mahomet. The hand camera put away the tripod altogether, and the camera began to do its best traveling with no legs at all.

It may seem that I have spoken of these advances in photography as if they were designed and carried out solely with a view to the successful photographing of the baby. You will say, perhaps, that I have been speaking fancifully; but would not that success be worth all the efforts of the inventors? And it is a curious fact, which I should wish you to notice in this development, that William Schmid, who first perfected and patented a "detective" camera, had no sooner finished his work than he began photographing the children: children at the school-house gate, in the Bowery, and Central Park; children in the dockyards and in Madison Square. It seemed as if the inventor instinctively turned to those child figures whose traits had theretofore been so difficult to represent either with brush or camera.

Before the "detective" appeared there had been no means of catching those quickly vanishing phases of character and action which we now so delight to study; and the discovery that the portable picture-box could be carried and operated without exciting suspicion, among the children (or among their elders either, for that matter), was a promising discovery. It was like striking a new vein of precious metal in an abandoned mine. It opened up opportunities for picturing much that was curious, much that was beautiful, and, above all, much that was *true*. When people get old and vain (as sometimes happens), they do not wish cameras to tell the exact truth, but to flatter them a little,

or perhaps considerably, as the old portrait painters did before the days of the camera; and a special artist known as the "retoucher" takes the negative and softens all the wrinkles and blemishes. In fact, it is customary to make eyes larger or noses smaller "to order." But children who have no wrinkles, and are not old enough to wish this way or that about the length of their noses, are generally best pictured when the camera tells the truth about them.

Now, the hand camera that started on this career has made its appearance in a great number of shapes and sizes; or rather, it has tried *not* to make its appearance, traveling about in disguises like the detectives of romance. It has tried to look like an artist's color-box, like a doctor's satchel, or like a commercial traveler's sample-case. It has wrapped itself in leather, and it has hidden under brown paper with an innocent-looking string. It has been made small enough to stow in a pocket, to shoot through a button-hole.

And it has traveled the world over; which, considering its youth, is quite an accomplishment. The watchful glass eye of its "finder" has glistened in the tropics and among the ice-floes of Baffin's Bay. As like as not it is at this moment blinking in Tokio, on Pike's Peak, and on Boston Common—or might be, if the sun made it possible. If, as I have said, the camera never traveled so well as it has since losing its legs, it never proves so valuable as under those circumstances when any other kind of picture-making is out of the question. Like Mark Tapley the detective "comes out strong" under difficulties.

On the ocean steamer, for instance, it is (unless its owner is sea-sick) completely at home. To young people the deck of a modern ocean steamer is only a big play-house; not quite big enough, to be sure, for all of the corners not forbidden (and some that are) will be searched out in time; but containing a very fair quantity of romping room. Under the brilliant ocean sunlight the figures of the children form tempting subjects for the camera. Changes of weather, with occasional banishment to the cabin in stormy hours, keep deck games from becoming tiresome. Ring-toss never goes out of fashion. The hoops of spliced rope always seem so delightfully nautical. When the game

reaches a crisis, and all the rivalry of the opposing sides centers its intensity on one ring that spins through the air in the direction of the stake, the photographer presses the trigger of his camera.

"Why did n't you wait a moment?" exclaims the ring-tosser, "—so the picture would show that my ring won the game!"

In the dingy steerage of the vessel the children have less room to play, but they have gay times nevertheless. They are nearer the pilot's bridge and the wheel-house, and nearer where the seamen gather. They watch curiously the movements of anybody with a uniform. They scamper over the hatches, tumble occasionally down the steep stairways, squeeze into coils of rope and go to sleep, or dance in delight when the steward appears with the dinner bell. Here and there, a sick baby with a very white face is being sung to sleep without cradle or rocker. No white-aproned nurses are busy in this part of the ship. The children seem to be taking care of themselves. Even very little people will be found sitting quite alone — like Mr. Mills's "Steerage Baby."

It so happens that the hand camera, which is a kind of quick sketch-book, has subjects both sad and gay; and the camera, like the artist's pencil, is very likely to follow the barefooted youngsters with tattered clothes, not only because these little figures are picturesque in themselves, but because their life, spent so largely out-of-doors, is full of variety and interest. Their games are carried on with very few of what the artist and the stage manager call "accessories." In the villages of Europe it is sometimes astonishing to watch a group of boys engaged in the liveliest sport over some trifling toy, or with no implement whatever. Probably games become livelier as the "accessories" disappear.

The traveler finds among the children a very truthful reflection of the life about him. When the world has trouble, the children show it very quickly. Their poverty and sickness seem more terrible than the distress of those who are older. And when they seem unconscious of trouble, and are still merry in the midst of all kinds of misfortune, their condition appears only the more pitiful. The cheerfulness of poor children is a very good lesson for the world.

In a city like New York, one sees, of course, children of every race and every degree. In the tenement districts, particularly in what are com-



A STEEKAGE BABY.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY T. B. MILLS.)

monly called the "quarters," there are children everywhere—the landscape is full of children; in the windows and doorways; in the gutters; indeed, a camera aimed in almost any direction would find examples of child character. The hand carts backed against the curb, the grocers' wagons, the coal bins and shutter boxes swarm with little people, whose laughter and chatter send up a din such as we have all heard in the monkey department of a menagerie. That a very small person can make a very large noise was discovered long ago. When there is a whole regiment, a whole army of boys and girls, all at the age when the voice is loudest in proportion to the owner's smallness, the effect is remarkable.

In the Italian or the Hebrew quarters, for instance, it is surprising to find that the children seem never to grow above a certain size. They are always little; that is, in broad day when the camera is abroad. The truth is, that when they have grown to any considerable size (whether it is a matter of size or age I have never discovered) they are sent off to work. It is a matter of getting them out of the way. In the evening they are all back again, big and little, in a great screaming and romping mass, with an occasional

discordant note from some little one who is hurt and is crying as loudly as possible. But this is after photographic hours, unless the detective be aided by the "flash light," which, by making the brightness of day for a second or so, gives the camera an opportunity to catch a doorstep group, or a night camp in a grocer's wagon.

Upon expeditions into these regions the operator of the camera is perhaps astonished to find that the thoughtless, harum-scarum children, apparently so absorbed in their play, are the first to identify the camera and the first to comment upon it. Mr. Schmid tells me that when he first went to Europe with his detective, children in the German villages, where a hand camera had never before been seen by old or young, said "Picture box!" at once. This was the more surprising and perplexing to the operator, since older eyes seldom noticed what he was about, or suspected that the black box contained a lens.

Nowadays it is not so remarkable that the camera, even when adroitly disguised, should be often detected, for its fame has extended. The trouble is not that the young observers object to the photographer's attentions, but that they should be aware of his intentions at all. They



LOOKING AT PICTURES.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. N. GRAY BARTLETT.)



AN ITALIAN BABY.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY
SYDNEY B. GRIFFIN.)

are entirely willing to be photographed. They are sometimes too willing. They gather about the camera in droves and demand to be "taken."

And since the next best thing to a picture in which the camera has worked unnoticed is one in which it has had a great deal of attention, the operator yields to circumstances and seeks the best method of securing a platoon of portraits at once. The result is often something of a "rogues' gallery."

Perhaps the best plan will be found to be an offer of a money prize to the boy or girl in the group who will laugh the best. This will test the good humor of the little spectators, and the picture, taken when the grins are broadest, will

illustrate in a very amusing way the differing dispositions of the children.

It is an easy thing to laugh when there is something to laugh at. But when nothing funny has happened, laughing to order is a very different matter. The other day a certain German gentleman urged an amateur to photograph his two children when they were laughing. On a certain afternoon the amateur came with his camera, but on hunting up the children it was discovered that while the little girl was quite willing to smile, the boy was in a very bad humor. In fact the boy had just been punished by his father, and when he was asked to laugh never felt less humorous in his life. But the camera was there and the father was set upon having the performance proceed. He repeatedly urged the boy, whose mouth did not get beyond a slight twitching at the corners. Then, becoming exasperated, the father shook his finger and exclaimed, "You laugh now, or I vip you again!" And it was under this awful persuasion that the boy made the heroic effort whose result is shown in Mr. Simpson's picture.



IN THE "ITALIAN QUARTERS." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARENCE MCUNE.)



LAUGHING FOR A PRIZE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES SIMPSON.)

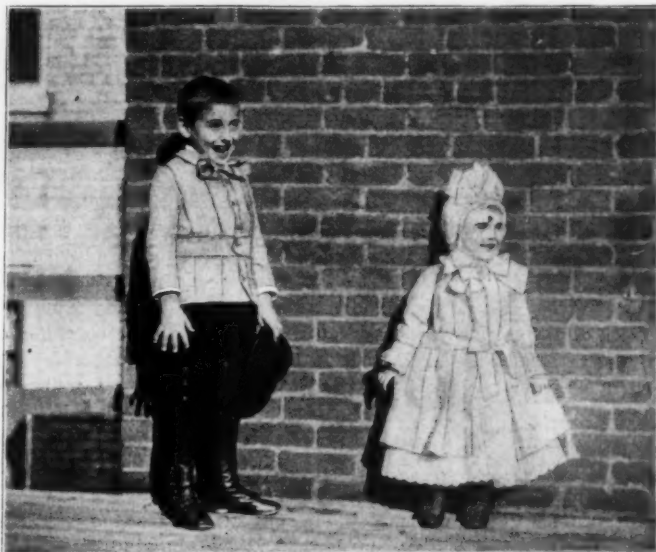
Victor Hugo, who told his grandchildren some wonderful tales, had more than one story whose hero was a Paris *gamin*. Victor Hugo always thought the Paris *gamin* quite the most extraordinary kind of being in the world. Everything changes very rapidly in Paris, and perhaps the street boys of that big city are not such as they were when Victor Hugo found them so surprising; but it seems to me very doubtful whether gamins anywhere are more remarkable than the gamins of New York.

In New York there is surely every possible kind of boy. Some of these kinds are of a very sad description. The emigrant children of whom we caught a glimpse in the steerage find playmates no better off than themselves. And they are all in the way. A few are crowded into

the schools. Whole armies of them swarm in the street. The rest are blacking boots or selling newspapers.

When a newspaper delivery wagon stops in one of the downtown streets, and there is a rush of boys toward the heap of damp evening papers, the spectator is able to discover in the quickly gathered group the curiously varied nationality of these lusty little venders. He is able to discover also that the strongest get to the front.

It is all quick as a flash, for the delivery wagon only halts a moment, then starts forward with a string of boys, like a kite-tail, straggling behind. It is easier with the camera to catch a galloping horse than to photograph "on the



TWO KINDS OF LAUGHTER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES SIMPSON.)

wing" one of these incredibly quick and daring boys, who seem underfoot everywhere, dashing in and out of street-cars, and mixing up with the very legs of the horses.

In the warm weather the lemonade man and the "hokey-pokey ice-cream" man receive the most marked attentions from the bootblacks and newsboys. The ice-cream is sometimes sold in a small cup without a spoon, and sometimes it is sold on a piece of 'grocer's brown paper. It is considered a dainty either way. For the same money—one cent—the lemon-

tomers, and hints for a free taste, disperses the company in great wrath. But of course the boys are soon back again. On the outskirts of the crowd is to be noticed now and then a demure youngster who is either hopelessly without the money to buy—who has never been a customer and scarcely hopes to be; or who is wavering under a terrible temptation to spend some of the money he should take home.

When the camera follows the children it is pretty certain to come upon picturesqueness and entertainment. Street children have what

newspaper people call a "nose for news." They instinctively follow the right clues in getting at the liveliest things that are happening, or that are at all likely to happen. If there is a fire anywhere, or the police have made an arrest, or there has been a run-away and a smash-up, they always know it. They know the precise hour at which the circus procession will come by, and when Barnum's



NEWSBOYS AT THE DISTRIBUTING WAGON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.)

ade man parts with a glass of his "ice-cold" drink.

About these stands there seem to be three classes of boys (with an occasional girl): boys who are taking their cream or lemonade, boys who have previously taken their cream or lemonade, and boys who wish they could take either cream or lemonade. Those who have once been patrons do not let the stand-keeper forget the fact. They like to loiter about, to criticize the stock and help manage the business. Occasionally the stand-keeper, tormented by the increasing crowd, the inconvenience to cus-

caravan does actually heave in sight there is more boy than procession. Many yards ahead and many yards behind, trots and shouts and tumbles the crowd of children; while upon each side of the way, piled upon door-steps and rolling along upon the sidewalks, are thousands of little people of every age that can walk at all. This sidewalk army is densest opposite that section of the caravan in which is found the platoon of elephants. Of course the elephants are the biggest things in the procession. This is probably an unanswerable explanation of the fact that this element of



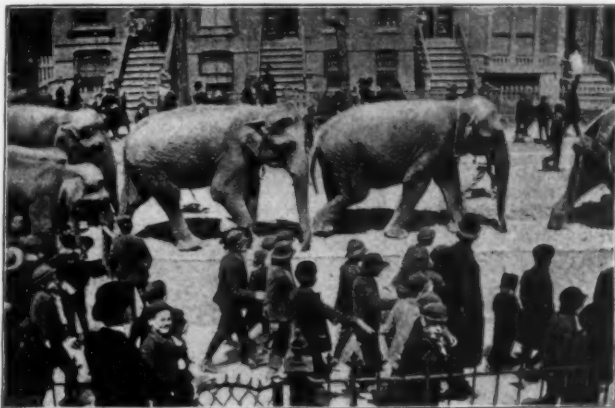
THE LEMONADE MAN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.)

the parade is always the most popular. At any rate, the elephants always receive the largest measure of admiration and peanuts. Even the lions, leering with ill-tempered majesty from their jolting cage, have not half the followers. And whatever the further explanation may be, it is true that the elephants are always the most photographed of all the parade attractions.

In the tenement districts of the big cities, in halls and alleys, on shop steps and even on curbstones, are scattered what artists and writers like to call "types"; little child figures that seem to have been always just where they are, to belong to the doorways and alleys and sidewalks. Scientific men tell us that tree and plant insects gradually grow to have the colors of the trees and plants they live upon. It sometimes seems as if tenement children acquire just the gray-brown colors of the dingy regions in which they have to live.

Naturally, some of the most amusing and delightful things in street life among the children are those which the camera operator sees when he "has n't his gun." And these little glimpses pass never to be seen again. The kaleidoscope turns and the whole scene tumbles into another shape. But this dreadful accident—the accident of not having the camera at hand when the fortunate combination occurs—makes us more appreciative of those occasions when everything is favorable.

I remember one very sultry afternoon, when even children moved slowly in the streets, coming upon one of those outdoor soda-water fountains that spring up in the hot season. At the rough table built beside the pompous freezer sat a very little girl who was trying faithfully not to sleep at her post; but it was difficult on that particular day for anybody to keep awake, and this vigilant guardian of a not very flourishing



THE CIRCUS PROCESSION. WATCHING THE ELEPHANTS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE G. BLACKFORD.)

soda-water business had slowly passed out of the dull hum of that stupid street into the sweet quiet of the land of dreams. Her chair was tilted forward until her chin rested on the oilcloth of the counter and a plump arm mechanically held her head in position. I was very thankful to have left in the camera one plate upon which to get an impression of this queer and lonesome little figure.

Just after I had touched the trigger, a customer appeared, a man with a satchel, who leaned over and imitated the "E—ow!" of the morning milkman very close to the child's face.



"THE RIVALS."
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. A. HETHERINGTON.)

Brought back so suddenly from dreamland the girl started up, stared at the customer, and by an unfortunate turn fell under the table. Had

another plate remained in the camera I should have liked to photograph the child as she came forth again. A person who has spent his last cent cannot feel poorer than an amateur photographer who has exposed his last plate and finds occasion to use more.

If we leave the poor quarters of the city and make our way among the parks and smarter avenues, we shall find that after all children are pretty much the same sort of creatures even when their clothes are very different. They love noise, even if they do not make so much of it. Mr. Muybridge



"UP-TOWN" BABIES.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES SIMPSON.)



WAITING FOR HIS SHIP TO COME IN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. N. GRAY BARTLETT.)

photographed a great many four-footed animals, and found that every one of them moved one foot after the other in precisely the same order, with a single exception. I have forgotten which animal it is that breaks the rule. I have photographed a great many different kinds of children when they did n't know I was about it, and I have seen thousands of photographs taken by a great many other people who have the same weakness for making pictures of little folks, and I have been surprised to find how many things all boys and girls do in very much the same manner. The habit of children is a kind of universal language. Pictures of their unconscious actions express more than the poetry of motion; they often express the poetry of conduct.

This strong family resemblance in the habit of children often makes us forget how very different is child-life in one quarter from child-life in another. For one thing, Baby's life is entirely different. On Cherry Hill, minding

the baby is one matter; on Madison Avenue it is quite another. The minding, on Cherry Hill, is in the hands of a child scarcely bigger



AFTER THE BATH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE G. BLACKFORD.)

than the baby, who is trying to amuse herself and the baby at the same time. This is difficult in more ways than one, as everybody has found who has ever tried. Strangely, those who are minding the baby in the region of the white-aproned nurses are trying to accomplish a feat of the same kind. It is one of the ways of people, large or small, who are set to mind the baby.

Mr. Simpson's picture of the "up-town" babies is



AN EXCURSION PARTY.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES SIMPSON.)

a reminder of how sociable nurses always are with one another. The sunny side of a street is often lined by little companies of nurses and children, the nurses generally in pairs. In many of the squares, the nurses are seen gathered into conversational groups, from which radiating lines of "perambulators" keep up a constant oscillation. The scene is repeated wherever the up-town baby travels. The beach and the hotel veranda tell stories that are much the same.

To follow the children on their summer travels might be excuse enough for the restless journeys of the "detective." Think of a beach without a fringe of children!



TAKEN ON THE FLY.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE G. LEVISON.)

What a crusade among the old barns of the countryside! What riots in the orchard! What hay rides and picnics!

The city streets are dim and uncertain of light. Summer light at the sea or in the country has no such uncertainty. The generous blaze of the sun warms the amateur's heart, and he is ready to paraphrase the words of Emerson and exclaim: "Give me sunlight and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."



LEAP-FROG.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE G. BLACKFORD.)

Outdoors, of course, the camera has plenty of light, and so, with the aid of extremely sensitive plates, it can work very quickly, and the liveliest sport of the children is pictured without difficulty. A thousand and one incidents, trifling enough in themselves, offer a temptation to the maker of pictures. When the maker of pictures can exercise the artistic sense, can choose the right subject and seize it at the right moment, trifles are full of sentiment.

Mrs. Bartlett's picture, where the young hopeful at the lakeside is "waiting for his ship to come in," is a pleasant suggestion of summer enterprise and adventure on a quiet scale. Whether the ship would come in of its own accord, and without special inducement, was certainly a matter of doubt at the moment when the camera shutter winked. But the captain, who in this case finds it convenient to stay on shore, is evidently not yet at that point of anxiety which prompts rash measures. Surely no spectator will hesitate to hope that the wind may continue fair.

Under the brilliant light of the beach it is not surprising that photographic plates are squandered by the thousand every summer. The frolic of the waves is "catching," and it is no wonder perhaps that the camera is challenged by mischievous groups; that the picture-box is actually carried into the surf to dance for its life and catch "game" at close quarters. The amateur's surf pictures, generally of fun-loving friends who both tempt and banter the camera, are probably the jolliest he has. A good beach is one of the best of playgrounds. Shells answer for quoits. The sand makes a good drawing surface for caricature, as well as a bakery for sand-pies. Foot-races and somersaults, in the scanty but athletic costumes of the surf, are discussed again at the winter lamp over a heap of prints from the amateur's trophies of the summer.

The amateur photographer is the historian of the summer boarding-house. Sometimes he has a hard time of it, if he chooses to turn his play into work. He is in demand as a means of handing down to Farmer Jackson's descendants a representation of Farmer Jackson's new barn as it appeared at the moment when it was first painted. But if he were left alone he would

rather photograph Farmer Jackson's two children in their everyday clothes, driving home the cows.

An excursion party that goes clambering over the rocks, or goes nutting or fishing, is incomplete without a hand camera, which has become, somehow, one of the necessary features of the baggage. Not that it always goes without protest. Some one may raise the point that it is a tell-tale, that it pokes fun, that it is in the way. But the suggestion is naturally voted down. The young people, at least, have too good a recollection of the pleasure caused by the last group of pictures when they were shown with the stereopticon, on a screen in the parlor, to refuse a welcome to this silent but observant companion. At any rate, the camera goes, and usually supplies much of the entertainment, if not on the occasion of its appearance, at least later when its fruits are made apparent.

In country and in city the children's sports will always be delightful material for the amateur photographer. Whether it be leap-frog, or skip-rope, or marbles, or "circus," or foot-ball, or tennis, if there is action, if there is the animation and the open merriment of youth, there is all that the artist of the camera can reasonably wish for. And here the amateur photographer has a tremendous advantage over the draftsman with the pencil. When the painter asks the children to keep still — terrible words those two, "Keep still!" — the photographer with portable camera asks them *not* to keep still. No trouble about models under such circumstances.

Thus there is one branch of scientific research to which even the young people are not only able but willing to contribute — the study of muscular action. Mr. Levison, for instance, has induced children to leap and run for him for the purpose of determining certain things about human methods of moving about. In the case of children the motions are often extremely beautiful of themselves, as well as curious in their exhibition of action. The picture on the park terrace, in which the little girl is seen flying through the air with arms extended, was taken from a point so near the level of the footway upon which the child will alight, that the figure is thrown into relief against the sky. At the first glance we might fancy that this figure in

worldly clothes was dropping out of the very clouds. But the child has simply jumped from the stone rail of the terrace with only a little over three feet to fall.

I was reading the other day of a European painter who, finding difficulty in getting, for his Cupid pictures, baby-models who would be quiet long enough to give an opportunity either to pencil or brush, had hit upon the plan of using a hand camera with which he followed the babies about, "snapping" them in their best positions. Then a baby (dressed as Cupid) was tossed in the air and caught again by the mother in order that he might photograph the astonished little fellow in his flights, and thus get suggestions for paintings. Whether the artist had any real success I do not know. He must have had some very amusing photographs at least. As for the babies, even under these trying conditions they prob-

ably had a better time than those poor babies of the past who were clamped under a skylight, and had to listen to the tin bird.

In every enthusiastic photographer's collection there are certain pictures which to their owner outlive in interest all the others. This or that negative may be a triumph of technique, a successful burlesque, or a marvel of composition. But this certain group of pictures, however defective in execution, or wanting in art to the critical eye, possesses an interest that never grows old. I am speaking of the pictures taken around and about the home, the home children, the glimpses of home life, stolen in the outdoor light of a doorway, on the steps of the porch, in the paths of the garden. These pictures wax in interest as the years roll. They are precious fragments of real history to which time adds a gentle charm.

THE BROWNIES ON THE CANAL.

BY PALMER COX.



ONE night the Brownies stood
beside
A long canal, whose silent tide
Connected seaboard cities
great

With inland sections of the state.
The laden boats, so large and strong,
Were tied to trees by hawsers
long;
No boatmen stood by helm or
oar,
No mules were tugging on the
shore;
All work on land and water too
Had been abandoned by the
crew.
Said one: "We see, without a
doubt,

What some dispute has brought about.
Perhaps a strike for greater pay,

For even rates, or shorter day,
Has caused the boats to loiter here
With cargoes costing some folk dear."
Another said: "We lack the might
To set the wrongs of labor right,
But by the power within us placed
We 'll see that nothing goes to waste.
So every hand must be applied



That boats upon their way may glide."
Then some ran here and there with speed



To find a team to suit their need,
A pair of mules, that grazed about
The grassy banks, were fitted out
With straps and ropes without delay
To start the boats upon their way;
And next some straying goats were found,
Where in a yard they nibbled round.
Soon, taken from their rich repast,
They found themselves in harness fast;
Then into active service pressed
They trod the tow-path with the rest.

On deck some Brownies took their stand
To man the helm, or give command,
And oversee the work; while more
Stayed with the teams upon the shore.
At times the rope would drag along
And catch on snags or branches long,
And cause delays they ill could bear,
For little time they had to spare.

With accidents they often met,
And some were bruised and more were wet;



PALMER COX.

Some tumbled headlong down the hold ;
And some from heaping cargoes rolled.

If half the band were drenched, no doubt
The work would still be carried out,

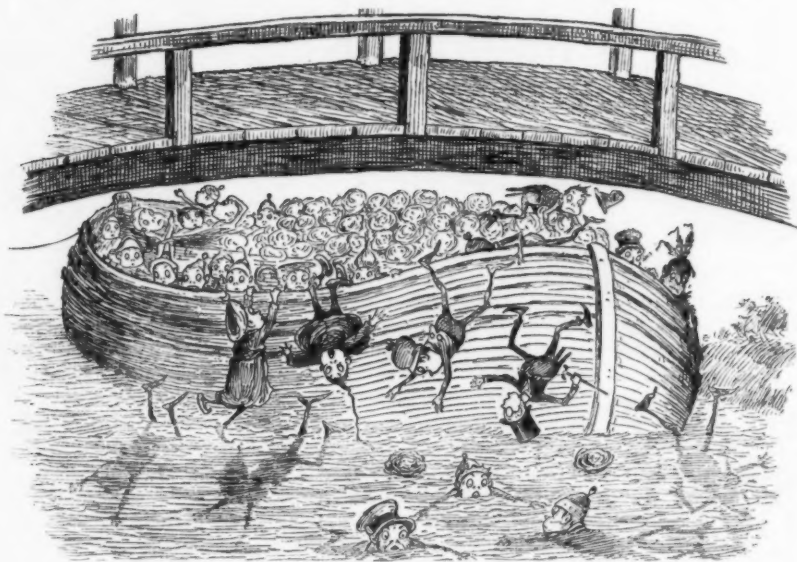


For extra strength would then be found
In those who still were safe and sound.

And once, when "low bridge!" was the shout
They stood and stared or ran about
Till in the water, heels o'er head,
Some members of the band were spread.

A few could swim, and held their own ;
But more went downward like a stone
Until, without the plummet's aid,

It looked as if their end was near.
The order now to stop the team
Would pass along with sign and scream,
And those on land would know by this
That something startling was amiss ;
And those on board could plainly see
Unless assistance there should be,
In shape of ropes and fingers strong,
There 'd be some vacancies, ere long !
By chance a net was to be had,
That boatmen used for catching shad —
A gill net of the strongest kind,
For heavy catches well designed.
This bulky thing the active crew
Far overboard with promptness threw.
A hold at once some Brownies found,
While others in its folds were bound,
Until like fish in great dismay
Inside the net they struggling lay.
But willing hands were overhead,
And quickly from the muddy bed
Where shedder crabs and turtles crawled
The dripping net was upward hauled,
With all the Brownies clinging fast,

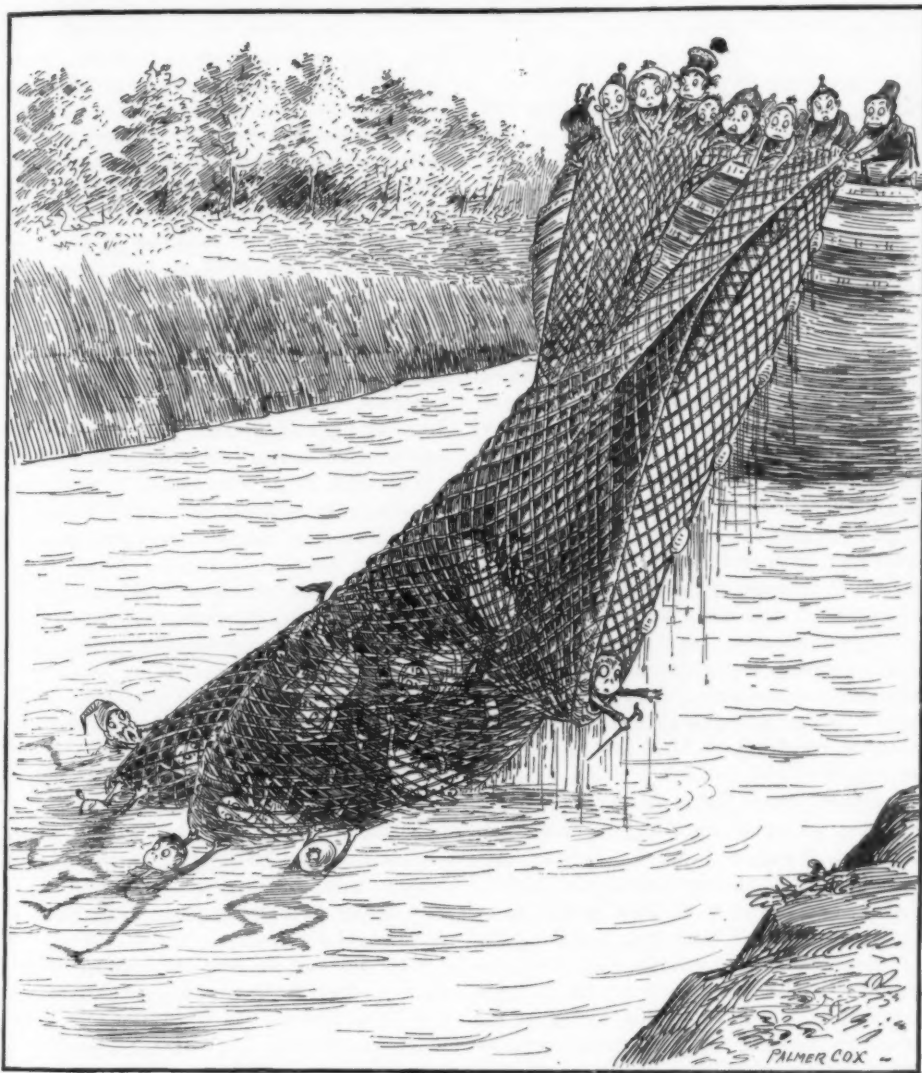


They learned how deep canals are made.
In spite of all the kicks and flings
That fright at such a moment brings,
Through lack of art, or weight of fear,

Till safe on deck they stood at last.
Sometimes a mule fell off the road
And in the stream with all its load.
Then precious time would be consumed

Before the trip could be resumed.
But what care Brownies for a bruise,
Or garments wet from hat to shoes,

Until the city came in sight.
Said one: "The sun 's about to show
His colors to the world below.



When enterprises bold and new
Must ere the dawn be carried through?

Thus on they went from mile to mile,
With many strange mishaps the while,
But working bravely through the night

Our time is up; we 've done our best;
The ebbing tide must do the rest;
Now drifting downward to their pier
Let barges unassisted steer,
While we make haste, with nimble feet,
To find in woods a safe retreat."

LADY JANE.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER THE CARNIVAL.

It was nearly dark, and the day had been very long to Pepsie, sitting alone at her window, for Madelon must remain all day and until late at night on the Rue Bourbon. A holiday, and especially Mardi-gras, was a day of harvest for her, and she never neglected an opportunity to reap nickels and dimes. Pepsie began to look anxiously for the return of the merry party in the milk-cart. She knew they were not to remain to see the night procession; at least, that had not been the intention of Tante Modeste when they left, and she could not imagine what had detained them. And Tite Souris—ungrateful creature!—had been told to return, as soon as the procession was over, in order to cook Pepsie's dinner. Owing to the excitement of the morning Pepsie had eaten nothing, and now she was very hungry as well as lonely; and even Tony, tired of waiting, was hopping about restlessly, straining at his cord and viciously pecking the floor.

Madame Jozain had returned some time before, and was even then eating her dinner comfortably. Pepsie had called across to know whether she had seen anything of the Paichoux and Lady Jane; but Madame had answered stiffly that she had been in a friend's gallery all the time, which was an intimation that she had been in no position to notice a milk-cart or its occupants. Then she observed indifferently that Madame Paichoux had probably decided to remain on Canal Street in order to secure good places to view the night procession.

Pepsie comforted herself somewhat with this view of the case, but soon began to worry about the child's fast. She was sure Tante Modeste had nothing in the cart for the children to eat, and on Mardi-gras there was such a rush that

one could hardly get into a restaurant, and she doubted whether Tante Modeste would try, with such a crowd of young ones to feed. At length, when she had thought of every possible reason for their remaining so late, and every possible plan by which they could be fed, she began to remember her own hunger, and Tite Souris's neglect. She had worked herself up to a very unenviable state of mind, when she saw her ungrateful handmaid plunging across the street, looking like a scarecrow, the remnants of her tatters flying in the wind, while her comical black face wore an expression impossible to describe.

"Oh, Miss Peps!" she gasped, bursting into Pepsie's presence like a whirlwind, "Ma'm Paichoux done sont me on ahead ter tell yer how Miss Lady's done got lost!"

"Lost! lost!" cried Pepsie, clasping her hands wildly and bursting into tears. "How, where?"

"Up yon'er, on Cunnel Street. We's can't find 'er nowhar."

"Then you must have let go of her," cried Pepsie, while her eyes flashed fire. "I told you not to let go of her!"

"Oh, laws, Miss Peps, we's could n't help it in dat dar scrimmage; peoples done bus' us right apart, an' Miss Lady's so littl', her han' jes' slip out'n mine. I's tried ter hol' on, but it ain't no use."

"And where was Tiburce? Did he let go of her too?"

"He war dar, but laws! he couldn't help it, Mars Tiburce could n't, no more 'n me."

"You 've broken my heart, Tite, and if you don't go and find her, I 'll hate you always! Mind what I say, I 'll hate you *forever*!" and Pepsie thrust out her long head and set her teeth in a cruel way.

"Oh, laws, honey! Oh, laws, Miss Peps, dey 's all a-lookin', dey 's gwine bring 'er back soon; doan't git scart, dat chile 's all right."

"Go and look for her; go and find her!"

Mind what I tell you, bring her back safe, or—," Here Pepsie threw herself back in her chair and fairly writhed. "Oh! oh! and I must stay here and not do anything, and that darling is lost, *lost!*—out in the streets alone, and 't is nearly dark. Go; go and look for her! Don't stand there glaring at me; *go*, I say!" and Pepsie raised her nutcracker threateningly.

"Yes, Miss Peps; yes, I'll bring 'er back, shore," cried Tite, dodging an imaginary blow, as she darted out, her rags and tatters flying after her.

When she had gone, Pepsie could do nothing but strain her eyes in the gathering darkness, and wring her hands, and weep. She saw the light and the fire in Madame Jozain's room, but the door was closed because the evening was chilly, and the street seemed deserted. There was no one to speak to; she was alone in the dark little room except for Tony, who rustled his feathers in a ghostly sort of way, and *toned* dismally.

Presently she heard the sound of wheels, and peering out saw Tante Modeste's milk-cart. Her heart gave a great bound. How foolish she was to "take on" in such a wild way;—they had found her, she was there in the cart safe and sound! But instead of Lady Jane's blithe little voice she heard the deep tones of her Uncle Paichoux, and the next moment Tante Modeste entered with a very anxious face.

"She has n't come home, has she?" were Tante Modeste's first words.

"Oh, oh!" sobbed Pepsie; "then you have n't brought her?"

"Don't cry, child, don't cry; we'll find her now. When I saw I could n't do anything, I took the young ones home and got your uncle. I said, 'If I have Paichoux, I'll be able to find her.' We're going right to the police. I dare say they've found her by this time or know where she is."

"You know I told you—" moaned Pepsie; "you know I was afraid she'd get lost."

"Yes, yes; but I thought I could trust Tiburce. The boy will never get over it; he told me the truth, thank Heaven!—he said he just let go her hand for one moment, and there was such a crowd. If that flyaway of a Tite had kept on the other side, it would n't have happened,

but she ran away as soon as they got on the street."

"I thought so. I'll pay her off!" said Pepsie, vindictively.

"Come, come, Modeste," called Paichoux from the door, "let 's be starting."

"Oh, Uncle," cried Pepsie, imploringly, "do find my Lady Jane!"

"Certainly, child; certainly, I'll find her. I'll have her here in an hour or so. Don't cry. It's nothing for a young child to get lost on Mardi-gras. I dare say there are a dozen at the police stations now, waiting for their people to come and get them."

Just at that moment there was a sound of voices without, and Pepsie exclaimed: "That's Lady Jane. I heard her speak!" Sure enough, the sweet, high-pitched little voice chattering merrily could be distinctly heard; and at the same instant Tite Souris burst into the room, exclaiming:

"Her's here, Miss Peps, *bress der Lor'*! I's done found her"; and following close was Lady Jane, still holding fast to little Gex.

"Oh, Pepsie! Oh, I was lost!" she cried, springing into her friend's arms. "I was lost, and Mr. Gex found me. A boy tore off my mask and domino, and I struck him in the face, and I did n't know what to do next, when Mr. Gex came and kicked him into the gutter. Did n't you, Mr. Gex?"

"Just to think of it!" cried Tante Modeste, embracing her, and almost crying over her, while Paichoux was listening to the modest account of the rescue from the ancient dancing-master.

"And I had dinner with Mr. Gex," cried Lady Jane, joyously; "such a lovely dinner—ice-cream, and grapes,—and cake."

"And one leetle bird, with a vairy fine salad, my leetle lady,—vas n't it? one vairy nice leetle bird," interrupted Gex, who was unwilling to have his fine dinner slighted.

"Oh, yes, a bird, and fish, and soup," enumerated Lady Jane; "and peas, Pepsie, little peas."

"Oh, *non, non*; oh, leetle lady!" cried Gex, holding up his hands in horror, "you have it *vairy* wrong. It vas soup, and fish, and bird. Monsieur Paichoux, you see the leetle lady does

not vell remember; and you must not think I can't order one vairy fine dinner."

"I understand," said Paichoux, laughing, "I 've no doubt, Gex, but that you could order a dinner fit for an alderman."

"Thank you, thank you, vairy much," returned Gex, as he bowed himself out and went home to dream of his triumph.

CHAPTER XIX.

PAICHOUX MAKES A PURCHASE.

"JUST to think," said Pepsie to her mother the next morning, "Madame Jozain was n't the least anxious last night about Lady. I don't believe she cares for the child, or she 'd never be willing to let Lady stay away from her the most of the time, as she does. She 's always fussing about her great overgrown son if *he 's* out of her sight."

"And no wonder," returned Madelon. "Poor woman! she has trouble enough with him. She keeps it to herself and pretends to be proud of him; but, my dear, he 's a living disgrace to her. I often hear him spoken of on the Rue Bourbon; he dresses well, and never works. Where does he get his money, *ma petite*? If people are poor and don't work, they must steal. They may call it by some other name, but I call it stealing. Madame Jozain can't make money enough in that little shop to support herself and keep that boy in idleness. We must n't be too hard on her. She has trouble enough, I can see it in her face; she looks worn out with worry. And we 'll do all we can for that little darling. It 's a pleasure, she 's so sweet and grateful. I only wish I could do more. I 'd work my fingers to the bone for you two, my darling."

"*Bonne Maman*," said Pepsie, clinging to her mother's neck, and kissing her fondly, "have you thought of what I asked you? — have you, dear Mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, I have; I 've thought of it a great deal, but I don't see my way clear quite yet."

"Why, you 've got the money in the bank, Mamma."

"I can't touch that money, my dear; it 's for

you. If anything should happen to me, and you were left alone—."

"Hush, hush, Mamma; I should n't need any money then, for I should die too."

"No, my dear, not if it was the good God's will that you should live. I don't want to spend that; I want to feel that you 've something. A piano costs a great deal of money; besides, what would your uncle and aunt think if I should do such a thing?"

"They 'd think you did it because I wanted you to," returned Pepsie, slyly.

"That would be a reason certainly," said Madelon, laughing, "and I 'll try to do it after a while. Have a little patience, dear, and I think I can manage it without touching the money in the bank."

"Oh, I hope you can, Mamma; because Mam'selle Diane says Lady learns very fast, and that she ought to practice. I hate to have her kept back by the want of a piano—and Madame Jozain will never get one for her. You know you could sell it afterward, Mamma—" and Pepsie went on to show, with much excellent reasoning, that Lady Jane could never make a great *prima donna* unless she had advantages. "It 's now, while her fingers are supple, that they must be trained; she ought to practice two hours a day. Oh, I 'd rather go without the money than to have Lady kept back. Try, *bonne Maman*, try to get a piano very soon, won't you?"

And Madelon promised to try, for she was devoted to the child; but Pepsie had begun to think that Lady Jane was her own — her very own, and, in her generous affection, was willing to sacrifice everything for the good of her charge.

And Madelon and Pepsie were not the only ones who planned and hoped for the little one with almost motherly love and interest. From the first day that Lady Jane smiled up into the sad, worn face of Diane d'Hautreuve, a new life had opened to that lonely woman, a new hope, a new happiness brightened her dreary days, for the child's presence seemed to bring sunshine and youth to her. Had it not been for her mother, she would have kept the gentle little creature with her constantly, as the sweetest hours she knew, or had known for many a weary year, were those she devoted to

her lovely little pupil. It was a dream of delight, to sit at the tinkling piano with Lady Jane nestled close at her side, the sweet childish notes mingling with hers, as they sang an old-fashioned ballad, or a tender lullaby. And the child never disappointed her; she was always docile and thoughtful; and so quiet and polite, that even Diane's mother, captious and querulous though she was, found no cause for complaint, while the toleration with which she had at first received

and it had taken several polite, but unmistakable rebuffs to teach her that they were d'Hautreves, and that the child would be received gladly where the aunt must not expect to enter.

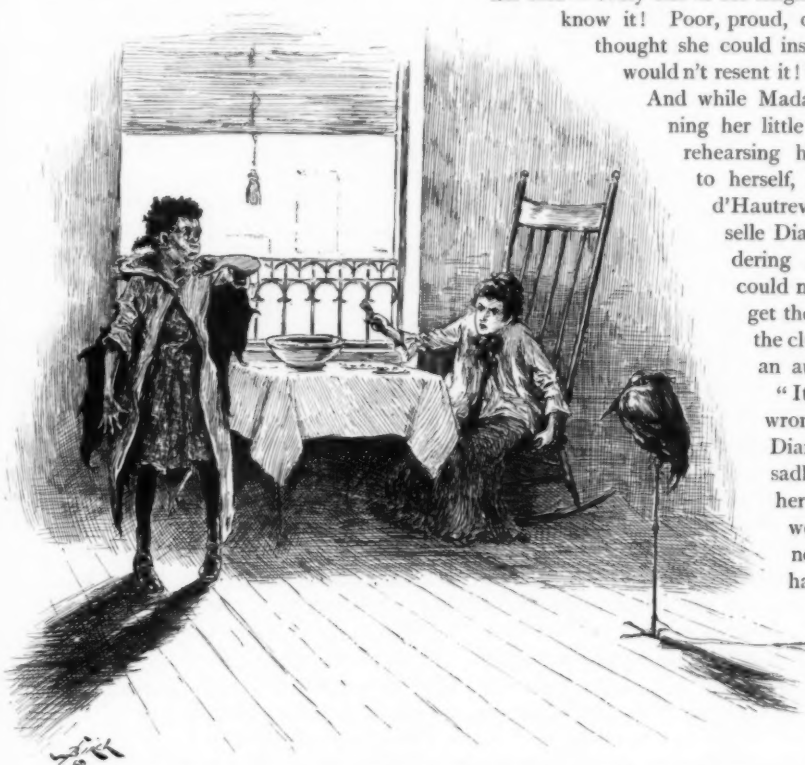
Madame swallowed her mortification and said nothing, but she bided her time to take her revenge. "I'll show them, before long, that I know how poor they are; and that funny little story I got out of Tite Souris, about Mam'selle Diane cleaning her banquette with a veil over her face — every one in the neighborhood shall

know it! Poor, proud, old thing, she thought she could insult me and I would n't resent it!"

And while Madame was planning her little revenge, and rehearsing her grievances to herself, old Madame d'Hautreuve and Mam'selle Diane were wondering if something could n't be done to get the child out of the clutches of such an aunt.

"It seems really wrong," Mam'selle Diane would say sadly, "to leave her with that woman. I can not think she has any right to her; there is a mystery about it, and it ought to be investigated. Oh, Mamma, dear, if we

had some money I'd hire a lawyer to find out! If she really is the child's next of kin, I suppose she has a legal right to her, and that no one could oblige her to relinquish that right; but one might *buy* the little girl. I think Madame Jozain is just the woman to be moved by money. Oh, Mamma, if our claim had only gone through! If we'd only got what we ought to have had, I would try to buy the child."



"GO AND LOOK FOR HER! DON'T STAND THERE GLARING AT ME; GO, I SAY!" AND PEPPIE RAISED HER NUTCRACKER THREATENINGLY.

(SEE PAGE 1039.)

Lady Jane was fast changing into affection. The more they became interested in her, the more they wondered how she could be kin to such a woman as Madame Jozain; for Mam'selle Diane had been obliged to show how exclusive she could be, in order to keep Madame where she belonged.

At first Madame Jozain had annoyed them greatly by trying to intrude upon their seclusion;

"Dear, dear! How absurd! What would you do with her?" said Madame d'Hautreuve.

"Why, you could adopt her, Mamma; and I could have the care of her," replied Diane.

"But, my child, that is all romancing. We have no money and we never shall have any. It is useless to think of that claim; it will never be considered; and even if we had money, it would be a great risk to take a child of whom we know nothing. I think, with you, that there's a mystery, and I should like to have it cleared. Yet we must not worry about it. We have troubles enough of our own."

"Oh, Mamma, we need not be selfish because we are poor," said Diane, gently.

"We can't help it, child. Selfishness is one of the results of poverty—it is self, self, constantly; but *you* are an exception, Diane. I will give you the credit of thinking more of others' interest, than of your own. You show it in everything. Now about that bird. Madame Jourdain should have paid you for it and not thrown it back on your hands."

"Oh, Mamma, she could n't sell it," said Mam'selle Diane, dejectedly. "It would n't be right to expect her to lose the price of it. It did n't 'take' as well as the ducks."

"Well, she might have thrown in the wool for your time," Madame insisted querulously.

"But she did n't ask me to experiment with a new model, Mamma, dear. It was n't her fault if I did n't succeed."

"You *did* succeed, Diane. It was perfect, it was most life-like; but people have n't the taste to recognize your talent."

"Madame Jourdain said her customers did n't like the bird's bill, and thought the neck too long," returned Mam'selle Diane, humbly.

"There! that only shows how little the best educated people know of ornithology. It is a species of crane; the neck is not too long."

"They thought so, Mamma, and one can't contend with people's tastes and opinions. I shall not try anything new again; I shall stick to my ducks and canaries."

"You know, I advised you to do so in the first place. You were too ambitious, Diane."

"Yes, you are right, Mamma. I was too ambitious!" sighed Mam'selle Diane.

One morning in August, about a year from the time that Madame Jozain moved into Good Children Street, Tante Modeste was in her dairy, deep in the mysteries of cream-cheese and butter, when Paichoux entered, and laying a small parcel twisted up in a piece of newspaper before her, waited for her to open it.

"In a moment," she said, smiling brightly. "Let me fill these molds first, then I'll wash my hands and I'm done for to-day."

Paichoux made no reply, but walked about the dairy, peering into the pans of rich milk, and whistling softly. Suddenly, Tante Modeste uttered an exclamation of surprise. Paichoux had opened the paper and was holding up a beautiful watch by its exquisitely wrought chain.

"Why, Papa, where in the world did you get that?" she asked, as she turned it over and over, and examined first one side then the other. "Blue enamel, a band of diamonds on the rim, a leaf in diamonds on one side, a monogram on the other. What are the letters?—J, yes, it's a J; and a C. Why, those are the very initials on that child's clothes! Paichoux, where did you get this watch, and whose is it?"

"Why, it is mine," replied Paichoux, with exasperating coolness. He was standing before Tante Modeste, with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, whistling in his easy way while she talked. "It's mine, and I bought it."

"Bought it! Where did you buy a watch like this,—and wrapped up in newspaper, too! Do tell me where you got it, Paichoux," cried Tante Modeste, very much puzzled.

"I bought it in the Recorder's court."

"In the Recorder's court!" echoed Tante Modeste, more and more puzzled. "From whom did you buy it?"

"From Raste Jozain."

Tante Modeste looked at her husband with wide eyes and parted lips for several seconds; then she exclaimed, "I told you so!"

"Told me what?" asked Paichoux, with a provoking smile.

"Why, why,—that all those things marked J. C. were stolen from that child's mother,—and this watch is a part of the same property,—and she never was a Jozain."

"Not so fast, Modeste; not so fast."

"Then, why was Raste Jozain in court?"

"He was arrested on suspicion, but they could n't prove anything."

"For this?" asked Tante Modeste, looking at the watch.

"No; it was another charge; but his having such a valuable watch went against him. It seems like a providence, my getting it. I just happened to be passing the Recorder's court, and glancing in, I saw that precious rascal in the dock. I knew him, but he does n't know me. So I stepped in to see what the scrape was. It seems that he was arrested on the suspicion of being one of a gang who have robbed a number of jewelry stores. They could n't prove anything against him on that charge; but the watch and chain puzzled the Recorder. He asked Raste where he got it; but the scamp was ready with his answer: 'It belonged to my cousin who died some time ago; she left it to my mother, and my mother gave it to me.'

"What was her name?" asked the Recorder.

"Claire Jozain," Raste answered, promptly.

"But this is J. C.," said the Recorder, examining the letters closely. "I should certainly say that the J. came first. What do you think, gentlemen?" and he handed the watch to his clerk and some others; and they all thought from the arrangement of the letters that it was J. C. And while this discussion was going on, the fellow stood there smiling, as impudent and cool as if he was the first gentleman in the city. He's handsome and well dressed, and the image of his father. Any one who ever saw André Jozain would know Raste was his son."

"And they could n't find out where he got the watch?" interrupted Tante Modeste.

"No; they could n't prove that it was stolen. However, the Recorder gave him thirty days in the parish prison, as a suspicious character."

"They ought not to have let him off so easily," said Tante Modeste, decidedly.

"But you know they could n't prove anything," continued Paichoux; "and the fellow looked blue at the prospect of his thirty days. However, he does n't lack assurance, and he began to talk and laugh with some flashy looking fellows who gathered around him. They saw that there was an opportunity for a bargain, and one man offered fifty dollars for it. 'Do you think I'm from the West?' he asked, with a

grin, and shoved it back into his pocket. 'I'm pretty hard up; I need the cash badly; but I can't give you this ticker, much as I love you!' Then another man bid sixty, and he refused. 'No, no, that's nowhere near the figure.'

"Let me look at the watch," I said, sauntering up; 'if it's a good watch, I'll make you an offer.' I spoke as indifferently as possible, because I did n't wish him to think I was eager, and I was n't quite sure whether he knew me or not. As he handed me the watch, he eyed me impudently, but I saw that he was nervous and shaky. 'It's a good watch,' I said, after I examined it closely; 'a very good watch, and I'll give you seventy-five.' 'No you don't, old hayseed; hand it here,' said he.

"I was so taken aback at his calling me hayseed—you see, Modeste, I had on my blouse," and Paichoux looked a little guilty while referring to his costume.

"Well, Papa, have n't I told you not to go up town in your blouse?" said Tante Modeste. "I wish, for Marie's sake, that you would wear a coat. The Guits all wear coats."

"Oh, never mind that. I don't. I'm an honest man, and I can afford to wear a blouse anywhere. I did n't take any notice of his impudence, but I offered him ninety. You see, I happened to have the money with me. I was on my way to pay Lenotre for that last Jersey I bought from him; so I took out my wallet and began counting the bills. That brought him. The fellow needed the money, and he was glad to get rid of the watch. If I had n't thought that there was something crooked about it, my conscience would n't have let me take such a valuable thing for so low a price; but I considered the child. I thought it might be all the proof that we should have if anything ever came up; and in any case it's money well invested for her."

"You did right to buy it, Paichoux. It's a large sum of money for a watch, especially just now, when we have to have so much for Marie; but if we can do anything for that darling by having it, I don't mind," and Tante Modeste sat for some time looking intently at the beautiful, sparkling object as it lay on her white apron.

"I wish it could speak," she said at length.

"I mean to make it, by and by," returned Paichoux, decidedly.

"But now, at this moment," she answered eagerly. "What a story it could tell, if it had a voice! Well, I'm glad we've rescued it from that scamp's clutches."

"So am I," returned Paichoux, opening the

on, but I don't think it's any use. I wish we could employ a good detective."

"Yes, yes, but that would cost a good deal, Modeste; let's wait awhile, something's going to turn up to put us on the right track."



"'WHY, PAPA, WHERE IN THE WORLD DID YOU GET THAT?' SAID MODESTE." (SEE PAGE 1042.)

case as he spoke, and showing Tante Modeste something on the inside of it. "I can get a trace through this, or I'm mistaken; but put it away now in my safe, and say nothing about it,—I don't wish even Madelon to know that we've got it. And, Modeste, whenever you see that woman, watch for something to give us a clue."

"Oh, Paichoux, you don't know her. She's as close as the grave, and too cunning to betray herself. I'm watching her, and I mean to keep

"And in the mean while the poor little darling is in the power of that woman. The child never complains, but my heart aches for her. She has changed, this summer. She looks thin and weak, and that woman takes no more care of her than she would of a dog. If it was n't for Madelon and Pepsie, and Mam'selle d'Hautreuve, the little creature would suffer; and our good milk that I send to Madelon has helped her through the hot weather. Pepsie herself goes without to give it to the child. If the sweet little thing had n't made friends she would have perished."

"Let her come down here and play

with our young ones," said Paichoux; "she's no more trouble than a bird hopping about."

"I wanted to have her, but Madame won't let her come; she's taken it in her head to keep the child shut up most of the time. Pepsie and Mam'selle Diane complain that they don't have her as often as they'd like to. I think she's afraid that the child may talk. You see she's getting older, and she may remember more than Madame chooses to have known."

"Well," said Paichoux, deliberately, "I've made a plan. Just keep quiet and wait until I'm ready to put my plan in operation."

And Tante Modeste promised to wait.

(To be continued.)

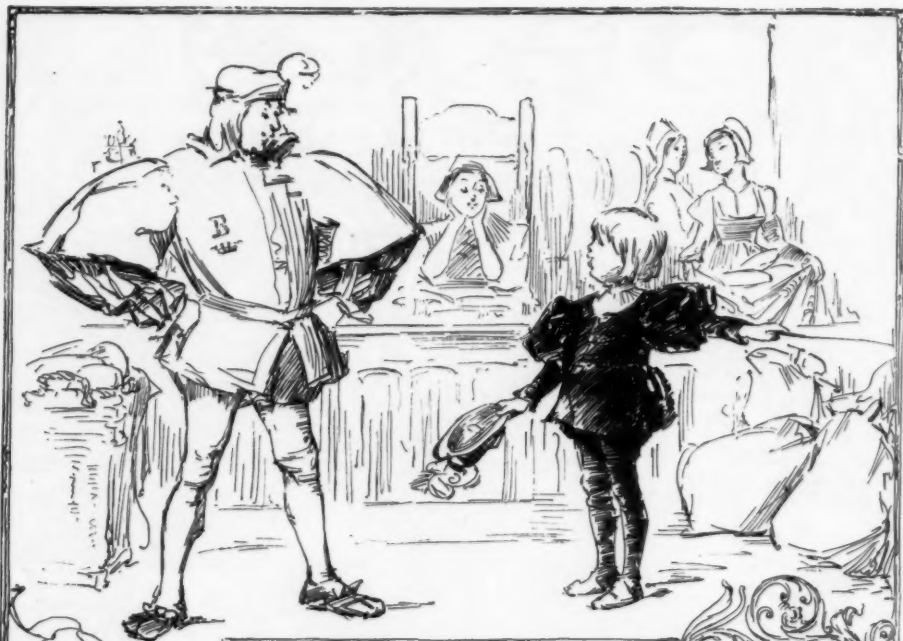


When I was very small indeed,
And even younger than my size,
I went out walking by myself,
To gather facts to make me wise.

I came unto a Baker's shop
Where I beheld the strangest thing;
A great gold Sign whereon I read
The Chief Bread-Baker to the King

A RHYME
with
PICTURES

by
Valentine Adams



I went within and asked the Man,
In all respect, Can this be true?
Does ever any King eat Bread,
The same as all the poor folk do?"

The Baker was a flowery man,
As most men are who talk and bake,
And said, "It is a Fallacy
To judge that Kings consume but Cake."

"Not only does the King eat Bread
But History states, and does not cheat,
There have existed certain Kings
Full glad to have some Bread to eat!"

And while I stood a-wondering
Whatever Fallacy might mean,
Behold I saw another Sign,
Whereon was, 'Haller to the Queen.'





^{VII.}
I sought the halter 'mid his plumes,
Not knowing he was mad thereat!
And asked: Can it be really true
That any Queen puts on a hat?

^{VIII.}
The halter said indignantly,
It is an error fit for clowns,
To think that Queens array their heads
Exclusively in golden crowns.

^{IX.}
Indeed there have existed Queens,
As in the Chronicles 'tis said,
Not only glad to have a hat,
But still more glad to have a head!

^{X.}
A sadder and a wiser Child
I hied me home to think of things;
It seems so strange that Queens wear hats,
And Bread is good enough for kings!

Still more glad



to have a head



CROWDED OUT O' CROFIELD.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Ogden family had said very little, outside of their own house, about the news of Mary's success in Mertonville, but on that Monday morning Miss Glidden received no less than four letters, and each of them congratulated her over the election of her dear young friend, and commented on how glad she must be. "Well," she said to herself, "of course I'm glad. And I did all I could for her. She owes it all to me. I'll go and see her."

Mary Ogden had so much talking to do and so many questions to answer, at the breakfast table, that her cup of coffee was cold before she could drink it, and then she and her mother and her aunt went into the parlor to continue their talk.

John Ogden himself waited there a long time before going over to the shop. His helper had the forge ready, and the tall blacksmith at once put a rod of iron into the fire and began to blow the bellows. The rod was at white heat and was out on the anvil in no time, and the hammer began to ring upon it to flatten it out when John heard somebody speak to him:

"Mr. Ogden, what are you making? I've been watching you—and I can't imagine!"

"Well, Deacon Hawkins," said the blacksmith, "you'll have to tell. The fact is I was thinking—well—my daughter has just come home."

"I'm glad to hear it and to hear of her success," answered the Deacon. "Miss Glidden told us.

If you're not busy, I wish you'd put a shoe on my mare's off hind foot."

The blacksmith then went to work in earnest; and meanwhile Mary, at the house, was receiving the congratulations of her friends. "Why, Mary Ogden,



JACK BUYS A NEW HAT. (SEE PAGE 1050.)

my dear! Are you here?" exclaimed Miss Glidden. "I'm so glad! I'm sure I did all I could for you." "My dear Mary!" exclaimed another. And Mary shook hands heartily with both her callers, and expressed her gratitude to Miss Glidden.

It was a day of triumph for Mary, and it must have been for Miss Glidden, for she seemed to be continually persuading herself that much of the credit of Mary's advancement was hers. The neighbors came and went, and more than one of Mary's old school-fellows said to her: "I'm glad you are so fortunate. I wish I could find something to do." When the visitors were gone and Mary tried to help with the housework, her mother said positively, "Now, Molly, don't touch a thing; you go upstairs to your books, and don't think of anything else; I'm afraid you won't have half time enough, even then."

Her aunt gave the same advice, and Mary was grateful, being unusually eager to begin her studies; and even little Sally was compelled to keep out of Mary's room.

During the latter part of that Monday afternoon John Ogden had an important conference with Mr. Magruder, the railway director; and the blacksmith came home, at night, in a thoughtful state of mind.

His son Jack, at about the same time sat in his room, at the Hotel Dantzic, in the far-away city he had struggled so hard to reach; and he, too, was in a thoughtful mood.

"I'll write and tell the family at home, and Mary," he said after a while. "I wonder whether every fellow who makes a start in New York has to almost starve at the beginning!"

He was tired enough to sleep well when bedtime came; but, nevertheless, he was downstairs Tuesday morning long before Mr. Keifelheimer's hour for appearing. Hotel-men who have to sit up late often rise, late also.

"For this once," said Jack, "I'll have a prime Dantzic Hotel breakfast. After this week, my room won't cost me anything, and I can begin to lay up money. I won't ride down town, though; except in the very worst kind of winter weather."

It delighted him to walk down that morning, and to know just where he was going and what work he had before him.

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"I'm sure," he thought, "that I know every building, big and little, all the way along. I've been ordered out of most of these stores. But I've found the place that I was looking for, at last."

The porters of Gifford & Company had the store open when Jack got there, and Mr. Gifford was just coming in.

"Ogden," he said, in his usual peremptory way, "put that press-work on the paper-bags right through, to-day."

"One moment, please, Mr. Gifford," said Jack.

"I've hardly a moment to spare," answered Mr. Gifford. "What is it?"

"A customer," said Jack; "the Hotel Dantzic. I can find more of the same kind, perhaps."

"Tell me," was the answer, with a look of greater interest, but also a look of incredulity.

Jack told him, shortly, the substance of his talk with Mr. Keifelheimer, and Mr. Gifford listened attentively.

"His steward and buyers have been robbing him, have they?" he remarked. "Well, he's right about it. No doubt we can save him from ten to twenty per cent. It's a good idea. I'll go up and see him, by and by. Now hurry with your printing!"

Jack turned to the waiting "Alligator," and Mr. Gifford went on to his desk.

"Jones," he said, to his head clerk, "Ogden has drummed us a good hotel customer," and then he told Mr. Jones about it.

"Mr. Gifford," said Mr. Jones, shrewdly, "can we afford to keep a sharp salesman and drummer behind that little printing-press?"

"Of course not," said Mr. Gifford. "Not after a week or so. But we must wait and see how he wears. He's very young, and a stranger."

"Young fellows soon grow," said Mr. Jones. "He'll grow. He'll pick up everything that comes along. I believe you'll find him a valuable salesman."

"Very likely," said Mr. Gifford, "but I sha'n't tell him so. He has plenty of confidence as it is."

"It's not impudence," said Mr. Jones. "If he had n't been pushing—well, he would n't have found this place with us. It's energy."

"Yes," said Mr. Gifford; "if it was impudence we should waste no time with him. If there's anything I despise out and out, it's what is often called 'cheek.'"

Next, he hated laziness, or anything resembling it, and Jack sat behind the Alligator that day, working hard himself and taking note of how Mr. Gifford kept his employees busy.

"No wonder he did n't need another boy," he thought. "He gets all the work possible out of every one he employs. That's why he's so successful."

It was a long, dull, hot day. The luncheon came at noon; and the customers came all the time, but Jack was forbidden to meddle with them until his printing was done.

"Mr. Gifford's eyes are everywhere," said he, "but I hope he has n't seen anything out of the way in me. There are bags enough to last a month—yes, two months. I'll begin on the circulars and cards to-morrow. I'm glad it's six o'clock."

Mr. Gifford was standing near the door, giving orders to the porters, and as the Alligator stopped, Jack said to him:

"I think I'll go visiting among the other hotels, this evening."

"Very well," said Mr. Gifford, quietly. "I saw Mr. Kiefelheimer to-day, and made arrangements with him. If you're going out to the hotels, in our interest, buy another hat, put on a stand-up collar with a new necktie; the rest of your clothing is well enough. Don't try to look dandyish, though."

"Of course not," said Jack, smiling; "but I was thinking about making some improvements in my suit."

He made several purchases on his way up town, and put each article on as he bought it. The last "improvement" was a neat straw hat, from a lot that were selling cheaply, and he looked into a long looking-glass to see what the effect was.

"There!" he exclaimed. "There's very little of the 'green' left. It's not altogether the hat and the collar, either. Nor the necktie. Maybe some of it was starved out!"

He was a different-looking boy, at all events, and the cashier at the desk of the Hotel Dant-

zic looked twice at him when he came in, and Mr. Keifelheimer remarked:

"Dot vas a smart boy! His boss vas here, and I haf safe money. Mr. Guilderaufenberg vas right about dot boy."

Jack was eager to begin his "drumming," but he ate a hearty supper before he went out.

"I must learn something about hotels," he remarked, thoughtfully. "I'll take a look at some of them."

The Hotel Dantzic was not small, but it was small compared to some of the larger hotels that Jack was now to investigate. He walked into the first one he found, and he looked about it, and then he walked out, and went into another and looked that over, and then he thought he would try another. He strolled around through the halls, and offices, and reading-rooms, and all the public places; but the more he saw, the more he wondered what good it would do him to study them.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when he stood in front of the office of the great Equatorial Hotel, feeling very keenly that he was still only a country boy, with very little knowledge of the men and things he saw around him.

A broad, heavy hand came down upon his shoulder, and a voice he had heard before asked, heartily:

"John Ogden? You here? Did n't I tell you not to stay too long in the city?"

"Yes, you did, Governor," said Jack, turning quickly. "But I had to stay here. I've gone into the wholesale and retail grocery business."

Jack already knew that the Governor could laugh merrily, and that any other men who might happen to be standing by were more than likely to join with him in his mirth, but the color came at once to his cheeks when the Governor began to smile.

"In the grocery business?" laughed the Governor. "Do you supply the Equatorial?"

"No, not yet; but I'd like to," said Jack. "I think our house could give them what they need."

"Let me have your card, then," said one of the gentlemen who had joined in the Governor's merriment; "for the Governor has no time to spare—"

Jack handed him the card of Gifford & Company.

"Take it, Boulder, take it," said the Governor. "Mr. Ogden and I are old acquaintances."

"He's a protégé of yours, eh?" said Boulder. "Well, I mean business. Write your own name there, Mr. Ogden. I'll send our buyer down there, to-morrow, and we'll see what can be done. Shall we go in, Governor?"

Jack understood, at once, that Mr. Boulder was one of the proprietors of the Equatorial Hotel.

"I'm called for, Jack," said the Governor. "You will be in the city awhile, will you not? Well, don't stay here too long. I came here once, when I was about your age. I staid a year, and then I went away. A year in the city will be of great benefit to you, I hope. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Governor," said Jack, seriously. "We'll do the right thing by Mr. Boulder"; and there was another laugh as Jack shook hands with the Governor, and then with the very dignified manager of the Equatorial Hotel.

"That will do, for one evening," thought Jack, as the distinguished party of gentlemen walked away. "I'd better go right home and go to bed. The Governor's a brick, anyhow!"

Back he went to the Hotel Dantzic, and he was soon asleep.

The Alligator press in Gifford & Company's was opening and shutting its black jaws regularly over the sheets of paper it was turning into circulars, about the middle of Wednesday forenoon, when a dapper gentleman with a rather prominent scarf-pin walked briskly into the store and up to the desk.

"Mr. Gifford?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I'm Mr. Barnes," said the dapper man. "General buyer for the Equatorial Hotel. Your Mr. Ogden was up with us, last night, to see some of his friends, and I've come down to look at your price-list, and so forth."

"Oh!" quietly remarked Mr. Gifford, "our Mr. Ogden. Oh, quite right! I think we can satisfy you. We'll do our best, certainly. Mr. Jones, please confer with Mr. Barnes—I'll be back in a minute."

Up toward the door walked Mr. Gifford, but

not too fast. He stood still when he arrived at the Alligator press.

"Ogden," he said, "you can leave that work. I've another printing hand coming."

Jack's heart beat quickly, for a moment. What,—could he be discharged so suddenly? He was dismayed. But Mr. Gifford went on:

"Wash your hands, Ogden, and stand behind the counter there. I'll see you again, by and by. The buyer is here from the Equatorial."

"I promised them you'd give them all they wanted, and as good prices as could be had anywhere," said Jack, with a great sense of relief, and recovering his courage.

"We will," said Mr. Gifford, as he turned away, and he did not think he must explain to Jack that it would not do for Mr. Barnes to find Gifford & Company's salesman, "Mr. Ogden," running an Alligator press.

Mr. Barnes was in the store for some time, but Jack was not called up to talk with him. Mr. Gifford was the right man for that part of the affair, and in the course of his conversation with Mr. Barnes he learned further particulars concerning the intimacy between "your Mr. Ogden" and the Governor, with the addition that "Mr. Boulder thinks well of Mr. Ogden, too."

Jack waited upon customers as they came, and he did well, for "a new hand." But he felt very ignorant of both articles and prices, and the first thing he said, when Mr. Gifford again came near him, was:

"Mr. Gifford, I ought to know more than I do about the stock and prices."

"Of course you ought," said Mr. Gifford. "I don't care to have you try any more 'drumming' till you do. You must stay a few months behind the counter and learn all you can. You must dress neatly, too. I wonder you've looked as well as you have. We'll make your salary fifteen dollars a week. You'll need more money as a salesman."

Jack flushed with pleasure, but a customer was at hand, and the interruption prevented him from making an answer.

"Jones," remarked Mr. Gifford to his head clerk, "Ogden is going to become a fine salesman!"

"I thought so," said Jones.

They both were confirmed in this opinion, about three weeks later. Jack was two hours behind time, one morning; but when he did come, he brought with him Mr. Guilderaufenberg of Washington, with reference to a whole winter's supplies for a "peeg poarding-house," and two United States Army contractors. Jack had convinced these gentlemen that they were paying too much for several articles that could be found on the list of Gifford & Company in better quality and at cheaper rates.

"Meester Giffort," said the German gentleman, "I haf drafel de vorlt over, und I haf nefer met a better boy dan dot Jack Ogden. He knows not mooch yet, alretty, but den he ees a very goot boy."

"We like him," said Mr. Gifford, smiling.

"So do I, und so does Mrs. Guilderaufenberg, und Miss Hildebrand, und Miss Podgr-mschski," said the German. "Some day you lets him visit us in Vashington? So?"

"I don't know. Perhaps I will," said Mr. Gifford; but he afterwards remarked grimly to Mr. Jones: "If I should, and he should meet the President, Ogden would never let him go until he bought some of our tea and coffee!"

That day was a notable one in both Crofield and Mertonville. Jack's first long letter, telling that he was in the grocery business, had been almost a damper to the Ogden family. They had kept alive a small hope that he would come back soon, until Aunt Melinda opened an envelope that morning and held up samples of paper bags, cards, and circulars of Gifford & Company, while Mrs. Ogden read the letter that came with them. Bob and Jim claimed the bags next, while Susie and Bessie read the circulars, and the tall blacksmith himself straightened up as if he had suddenly grown prouder.

"Mary!" he exclaimed. "Jack always said he'd get to the city. And he's there—and earning his living!"

"Yes, but—Father," she said, with a small shake in her voice, "I—wish he was back again. There'd be almost room for him to work in Crofield, now."

"Maybe so, maybe so," he replied. "There'll be crowds of people coming in when they begin work on the new railway and the bridge. I signed the deeds yesterday for all the land

they're buying of Jack and me. I won't tell him about it quite yet, though. I don't wish to unsettle his mind. Let him stay where he is."

"This will be a trying day for Mary," said Aunt Melinda, thoughtfully. "The Academy will open at nine o'clock. Just think of what that child has to go through! There'll be a crowd there, too,—oh, dear me!"

Mary Ogden sat upon the stage, by previous orders from the Academy principals, awaiting the opening exercises; but the principals themselves had not yet arrived. She looked rather pale, and she was intently watching the nickel-plated gong on the table and the hands of the clock which hung upon the opposite wall.

"Perhaps the principals are here," Mary thought, as the clock hands crept along. "But they said to strike the bell at nine, precisely, and if they're not here I must do it!"


At the second of time, up stood Mary and the gong sounded sharply.

That was for "Silence!" and it was very silent, all over the hall, and all the scholars looked at Mary and waited.

"Clang" went the gong again, and every boy and girl arose, as if they had been trained to it.

Poor Mary was thinking, "I hope nobody sees how scared I am!" but the Academy term was well opened, and Dr. Dillingham was speaking, when the Reverend Lysander Pettigrew and Mrs. Henderson, the tardy principals, came hurrying in to explain that an accident had delayed them.

CHAPTER XIX.

WO years passed. There was a great change in the outward aspect of Crofield. The new bridge over the Cocahutchie was of iron, resting on stone piers, and the village street crossed it. The railroad bridge was just below, but was covered in with a shed, so that the trains might not frighten horses. The mill was still in its place, but the dam was two feet higher and the pond was

wider. Between the mill and the bridge was a large building of brick and stone that looked like a factory. Between the street and the railway, the space was filled by the station-house and freight depot, which extended to Main Street; and there were more railway buildings on the other side of the Cocahutchie. Just below the railroad and along the bank of the creek, the ground was covered by wooden buildings, and there was a strong smell of leather and tanbark. Of course, the old Washington Hotel was gone; but across the street, on the corner to the left, there was a great brick building, four stories high, with "Washington Hotel" painted across the front of it. The stores in that building were just finished. Look-

much room in it, for even the old buildings with which Jack had been familiar.

Jack Ogden had not been in Crofield while all this work was going on. His first week with Gifford & Company seemed the most exciting week that he had ever known, and the second was no less busy and interesting. He did not go to the German church the second Sunday, but later he did somehow drift into another place of worship where the sermon was preached in Welsh.

"Well!" said Jack when he came out, at the close of the service, "I think I'll go back to the church I went to first. I don't look so green now as I did then, but I'm sure the General will remember me."

He carried out this determination the next Sunday. The sexton gave him a seat, and he took it, remarking to himself:

"A fellow feels more at home in a place where he's been before. There's the General! I wish I was in his pew. I'll speak to him when he comes out."

The great man appeared, in due season, and as he passed down the aisle he came to a boy who was just leaving a pew. With a smile on his face, the boy held out his hand and bowed.

"Good-morning," said the General, shaking hands promptly and bowing graciously in return. Then he added, "I hope you'll come here every Sunday."

That was all, but Jack received at least a bow, every Sunday, for four weeks. On the Monday after the fourth Sunday, the door of Gifford & Company's store was shadowed by the entrance of a very proud-looking man who stalked straight on to the desk, where he was greeted cordially by Mr. Gifford, for he seemed to be an old friend.

"You have a boy here named John Ogden?" asked the General.

"Yes, General," said Mr. Gifford. "A fine young fellow."

"Is he doing well?" asked the General.

"We've no fault to find with him," was the answer. "Do you care to see him? He's out on business, just now."

"No, I don't care to see him," said the General. "Tell him, please, that I called. I feel



JACK SPEAKS TO THE GENERAL.

ing up Main Street, or looking down, it did not seem the same village. The new church in the middle of the green was built of stone; and both of the other churches were rapidly being demolished, as if new ones also were to take their places.

It was plain, at a glance, that if this improvement were general, the village must be extending its bounds rapidly, for there never had been too

interested in his progress, that 's all. Good-morning, Mr. Gifford."

The head of the firm bowed the general out, and came back to say to Mr. Jones: "That youngster beats me! He can pick up a millionaire, or a governor, as easily as he can measure a pound of coffee."

"Some might think him rather bold," said Jones, "but I don't. He is absorbed in his work, and he puts it through. He 's the kind of boy we want, no doubt of that."

"See what he 's up to, this morning!" said Mr. Gifford. "It 's all right. He asked leave, and I told him he might go."

Jack had missed seeing the General because he did not know enough of the grocery business. He had said to Mr. Gifford:

"I think, Mr. Gifford, I ought to know more about this business, from its very beginnings. If you 'll let me, I 'd like to see where we get supplies."

That meant a toilsome round among the great sugar refineries, on the Long Island side of the East River; and then another among the tea and coffee merchants and brokers, away down town, looking at samples of all sorts and finding out how cargoes were unloaded from ships and were bought and sold among the dealers. He brought to the store, that afternoon, before six o'clock, about forty samples of all kinds of grocery goods, all labeled with prices and places, and he was going on to talk about them when Mr. Gifford stopped him.

"There, Ogden," he said. "I know all about these myself,—but where did you find that coffee? I want some. And this tea?—It is two cents lower than I'm paying. Jones, he's found just the tea you and I were talking of—" and so he went on carefully examining the other samples, and out of them all there were seven different articles that Gifford & Company bought largely of, next day.

"Jones," said Mr. Gifford, when he came back from buying them, "they had our card in each place, and told me, 'Your Mr. Ogden was in here yesterday. We took him for a boy at first.'—I 'm beginning to think there are some things that only that kind of boy can do. I 'll just let him go ahead in his own way."

Mary had told Jack all about her daily expe-

riences in her letters to him, and he said to himself more than once:

"Dudley Edwards must be a tip-top fellow. It 's good of him to drive Mary over to Crofield and back every Saturday. And they have had such good sleighing all winter. I wish I could try some of it."

There was no going to Crofield for him. When Thanksgiving Day came, he could not afford it, and before the Christmas holidays Mr. Gifford told him:

"We can't spare you at Christmas, Ogden. It 's the busiest time for us in the whole year."

Mr. Gifford was an exacting master, and he kept Jack at it all through the following spring and summer. Mary had a good rest during the hot weather, but Jack did not. One thing that seemed strange to her was that so many of the Crofield ladies called to see her, and that Miss Glidden was more and more inclined to suggest that Mary's election had been mainly due to her own influence in Mertonville.

On the other hand, it seemed to Jack that summer, as if everybody he knew was out of the city. Business kept pressing him harder and harder, and all the plans he made to get a leave of absence for that second year's Thanksgiving Day failed to work successfully.

The Christmas holidays came again, but throughout the week, Gifford & Company's store kept open until eight o'clock, every evening, with Jack Ogden behind the counter. He got so tired that he hardly cared about it when they raised his salary to twenty-five dollars a week, just after Mr. Gifford saw him come down town with another coffee and tea dealer, whose store was in the same street.

"We must n't let him leave us, Jones," Mr. Gifford had said to his head clerk. "I am going to send him to Washington next week."

Not many days later, Mrs. Guilderaufenberg in her home at Washington was told by her maid-servant that, "There 's a strange b'y below, ma'am, who sez he 's a-wantin' to spake wid yez."

Down went the landlady into the parlor, and then up went her hands.

"Oh, Mr. Jack Ogden! How glad I am to see you! You haf come! I gif you the best stateroom in my house."

"I believe I 'm here," said Jack, shaking hands heartily. "How is Mr. Guilderaufenberg and how is Miss—"

"Oh, Miss Hildebrand," she said, "she will be so glad, and so will Mrs. Smith. She away with her husband. He is a Congressman from far west. You will call to see her."

"Mrs. Smith?" exclaimed Jack, but in another second he understood it, and asked after his old friend with the unpronounceable name as well as after Miss Hildebrand.

"She has a name, now, that I can speak! I 'm glad Smith is n't a Polish name," he said to himself.

"Oh, Mr. Jackogden!" exclaimed Mrs. Guilderaufenberg, a moment later. "How haf you learned to speak German? She will be so astonish!"

That was one use he had made of his evenings, and he had improved by speaking to all the Germans he had met down town; and his German was a great delight to Mr. Guilderaufenberg, and to Miss Hildebrand, and to Mrs. Smith (formerly Miss Pod—ski) when he called to see them.

"So!" said Mr. Guilderaufenberg, "you takes my advice and you comes. Dis ees de ceety! Ve shows you eet all ofer. All de beeg buildings and all de beeg men. You shtay mit Mrs. Guilderaufenberg and me till you sees all Vashington."

Jack did so, but he had business errands also, and he somehow managed to accomplish his commissions so that Mr. Gifford was quite satisfied when he returned to New York.

"I have n't sold so many goods," said Jack, "but then I 've seen the city of Washington, and I 've shaken hands with the President and with Senators and Congressmen. Mr. Gifford, how soon can I make a visit to Crofield?"

"We 'll arrange that as soon as warm weather comes," said his employer. "Make it your summer vacation."

Jack had to be satisfied. He knew that more was going on in the old village than had been told him in any of his letters from home. His father was a man who dreaded to write letters, and Mary and the rest of them were either too busy, or else did not know just what news would be most interesting to Jack.

"I 'm going to see Crofield!" said he, a hundred times, after the days began to grow longer. "I want to see the trees and the grass, and I want to see corn growing and wheat harvesting. I 'd even like to be stung by a bumble-bee!"

He became so eager about it, at last, that he went home by rail all the way, in a night train, and he arrived at Crofield, over the new railroad, just as the sun was rising, one bright June morning.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed, as he walked out of the station. "It 's not the same village! I won't go over to the house and wake the family until I 've looked around."

From where he stood, he gazed at the new hotel, and took a long look up and down Main Street. Then he walked eagerly down toward the bridge.

"Hullo!" he said in amazement. "Our house is n't there! Way, what is the meaning of this? I knew that the shop had been moved up to the back lot. They 're building houses along the road across the Cocahutchie! Why have n't they written and told me of all this?"

He saw the bridge, the factory, the tannery, and many other buildings, but he did not see the familiar old blacksmith shop on the back lot.

"I don't know where we live nor where to find my home!" he said, almost dejectedly. "They know I 'm coming, though, and they must have meant to surprise me. Mary's at home, too, for her vacation."

He walked up Main Street, leaving his baggage at the station. New—new—new,—all the buildings for several blocks, and then he came to houses that were just as they used to be. One pretty white house stood back among some trees, on a corner, and, as Jack walked nearer, a tall man in the door of it stepped quickly out to the gate. He seemed to be trying to say something, but all he did, for a moment, was to beckon with his hand.

"Father!" shouted Jack, as he sprang forward.

"Jack, my son, how are you?"

"Is this our house?" asked Jack.

"Yes, this is our house. They 're all getting up early, too, because you 're coming. There are some things I want to talk about, though,

before they know you 're actually here. Walk along with me a little way."

On, back, down Main Street, walked Jack with his father, until they came to what was now labeled Bridge Street. When Jack lived in Crofield the road had no name.

"See that store on the corner?" asked Mr. Ogden. "It 's a fine-looking store, is n't it?"

"Very," said Jack.

"Well, now," said his father, "I 'm going to run that store, and I do wish you were to be in it with me."

"There will be none too much room in it for Bob and Jim," said Jack. "They 're growing up, you know!"

"You listen to me," continued the tall blacksmith, trying to keep calm. "The railway company paid me quite a snug sum of money for what they needed of your land and mine. Mr. Magruder did it for you. I bought with the money thirty acres of land, just across the Cocahutchie, to the left of the bridge. Half of it was yours to begin with, and now I 've traded you the other half. Don't speak. Listen to me. Most of it was rocky, but the railway company opened a quarry on it, getting out their stone, and it 's paying handsomely. Livermore has built that hotel block. I put in the stone and our old house lot, and I own the corner store, except that Livermore can use the upper stories for his hotel. The factory company traded me ten shares of their stock for part of your land on which they built. I traded that stock for ten acres of rocky land along the road, across the Cocahutchie, up by the mill. That makes forty acres there."

"Father!" exclaimed Jack. "All it cost me was catching a runaway team, and your bill against the miller! Crofield is better than the grocery business in New York!"

"Listen!" said his father, smiling. "The tannery company traded me a lot of their stock for the rest of my back lot and for the rest of your gravel, and they tore down the blacksmith shop, and I traded their stock and some other things for the house where we live. I made your part good to you, with the land across the creek, and that 's where the new village of Crofield is to be.

"I did n't see a cent of money in any of those

trades, but I 've a thousand dollars laid up, and I 'm only working in the railroad shop now, but I 'm going into the hardware business. I wish you 'd come back and come in with me. There 's the store,—rent free. We can sell plenty of tools, now that Crofield is booming!"

"I 've saved up seven hundred and fifty dollars," said Jack, "from my salary and commissions. I 'll put that in. Gifford & Company 'll send you things cheap. But, Father,—I belong in the city. I 've seen hundreds of boys there who did n't belong there, but I do. Let 's go back to the house. Bob and Jim —"

"Well, maybe you 're right," said his father, slowly. "Come, let us go home. Your mother has hardly been able to wait to see you."

When they came in sight of the house, the stoop and the front gate were thronged with home-folk, but Jack could not see clearly for a moment. The sunshine, or something else, got into his eyes. Then there were pairs of arms, large and small, embracing him, and,—well, it was a happy time, and Mary was there and his mother, and the family were all together once more.

"How you have grown!" said his aunt, "*How* you have grown!"

"I do wish you 'd come home to stay!" exclaimed his mother.

"Perhaps he will," said his father, and Mary had hardly said a word till then, but now it seemed to burst out in spite of her.

"Oh, Jack!" she said. "If I could go back with you, when you go! I could live with a sister of Mrs. Edwards. She 's invited me to live with her for a whole year. And I could finish my education, and be really fit to teach. I 've saved some money."

"Mary!" answered Jack, "I can pay all the other expenses. Do come!"

"Yes, you 'd better go, Jack," said his father, thoughtfully. "I am sure that you are a city boy."

That was a great vacation, but no trout were now to be caught in the Cocahutchie. The new store on the corner was to be opened in the autumn, and Jack insisted upon having it painted a bright red about the windows. There were visits to Mertonville, and there were endless talks about what Jack's land was going to be worth,

some day. But the days flew by, and soon his time was up and the hour arrived when he had

steamer "Columbia." Jack thought over all the circumstances attending his first trip on the steamer, and told Mary of his meeting with Mr. Guilderaufenberg and his wife and friends and of their kindness to him in New York.

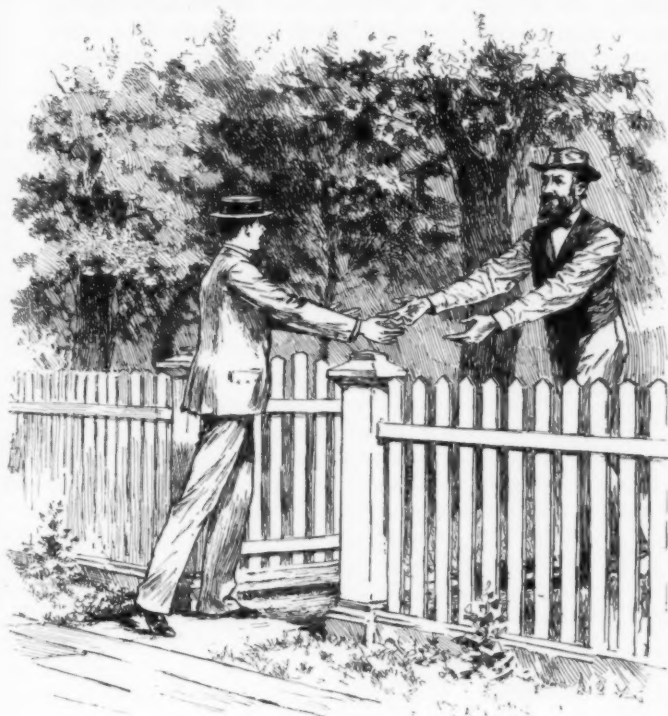
Mr. Dudley Edwards, of Mertonville, went at the same time to attend to some law business, which, he said, required his presence in New York.

Jack told Mr. Gifford all about the Crofield town-lots, and his employer answered:

"That 's just the thing for you, Ogden; you 'll have some capital, when you come of age, and then we can take you in as a junior partner. You belong in the city. It 's the place for you. I could n't take you in any sooner, you know. We don't want a boy."

"That 's just what

you told me," said Jack, humorously, "the first time I came into this store; but you took me then. Well, I shall always do my best."



JACK RETURNS HOME.

to bid farewell to Crofield and go back to the city. He and Mary went together, and they were carried down the Hudson River in the

THE END.

THE GWYNNES' LITTLE DONKEY.

BY KATE WOODBRIDGE MICHAELIS.

THE five little Gwynnes were very happy children. It would have been strange enough if they had not been, for if ever little boys and girls were put into the world to be good and happy, they were.

They were English children, and their father was a man of whom they would be very proud

when they were old enough to see him as other people did, not alone as their kindest friend and merriest playmate, stern and stately as he looked, but as a distinguished man of letters, and the friend of all oppressed or unhappy people not only in his own land but in all others.

Mr. Gwynne's beautiful place was in a lovely part of England, not far from a great manufacturing city, and was a charming spot to visit, with its green-turfed lawns, far-reaching elms, broad walks and fine driveways, and a special little paddock for Jack,—the little Gwynnes' beloved donkey,—not far from their Aunt Catherine's pretty cottage.

The five little Gwynnes were all charming, healthy children, full of fun and frolic, adoring their handsome father, and their sweet, lovely young mother, docile to their governess, respectful to Aunt Catherine, and wrapped up, heart and soul, in dear little fat Jack, their own donkey. Perhaps, if they had a trial, it was their Aunt Catherine, and that was chiefly because they did n't understand her quite as well as older people did. She was their father's aunt, and ever since any of them could remember she had lived in her cottage, knitting stockings and saying very severe words, in a very severe voice, about all cruel and unkind actions, and people, too. The great trouble was, that she had been born with the same love of justice that had made her nephew the friend of the helpless, but he had mixed with the world and learned to temper and moderate his zeal, so that while keeping all his enthusiasm for high and noble things, he had learned patience and wisdom; and she, sitting at home and knitting, had become narrower and more intolerant, till she was almost a fanatic on all subjects of reform.

There was n't the least doubt that the little Gwynnes knew very well that they were happy and lucky boys and girls—from baby, in her carriage, up to the tallest of all; but no one likes to be told constantly, with a knitting-needle pointed at one, how grateful one ought to be for being one's self, and how many wretched and miserable children there are in this world. Still, they tried to be as pleasant and nice to Aunt Catherine as their papa and mamma were, and to feel a little bit sorry to leave her when they went off to the continent for long, lovely trips every summer.

It was n't necessary to try, though, in order to be sorry to leave Jack, that dear donkey, for though there may, of course, be some other nice donkeys in the world, such a nice one as Jack never before had existed, never would again.

He was so sleek, so fat, so jolly and good-humored, he did kick up his beautiful little heels so charmingly when any of the children came round, he played such lovely tricks with them, he hunted for sugar in such a knowing way through the hedges,—in short, he did everything but talk; and, of course, he was the very hardest thing of all to say good-bye to, when they all started for Switzerland one particular summer—even Papa looking a little sad when he went out to give the darling donkey his parting morsel of cake.

Jack felt the parting, too, most deeply; one of the children was sure she saw tears in his eyes as she turned to wave farewell.

Aunt Catherine stayed at home as usual, and knitted the stockings; but she looked very often out of the window at the lawn where the little Gwynnes used to play, and it may be that she missed them more than they missed her.

One day she happened to look out the other way, on the pretty country road; and there was a tinker with his load of tins in a cart drawn by a donkey.

Such a donkey! His bones stuck out and his stomach fell in, the hair had come off in spots, his head drooped mournfully; no one looking at him would have supposed for an instant that he was any—even the most distant—relation to Jack, the little Gwynnes' pet.

Aunt Catherine gazed at him for a moment, and then she rang the great house-bell. James appeared promptly and found Aunt Catherine standing by the window, with a very severe expression on her face.

"James," she said, pointing with her knitting-needle, "James, do you see that man?"

James said that he did.

"And that donkey, James?"

James faltered—Miss Catherine was very fierce sometimes, and he was afraid that this was one of the times—that he saw the donkey.

"Bring him here at once!"

"The donkey, ma'am?"

"The donkey!—no; the donkey's man."

James disappeared with great alacrity and returned with the tinker, a careworn, anxious-looking creature who, but for his loose blouse, would have seemed as used to scanty food and poor lodging as did the donkey.

"Is that your donkey?" Miss Catherine demanded.

The tinker admitted that it was.

"And your cart?"

The tinker acknowledged that, too.

"Why don't you feed your donkey?"

The tinker answered timidly and dejectedly, that they was seven (not donkeys) of 'm at home, not counting the babby, and his wife she was but poorly; and that as there was n't enough to go round and give them a fair share, why, the donkey he just had to—

"Humph!" interrupted Miss Catherine; "if you can't feed the beast decently, what do you drive him for?"

The tinker attempted to explain that as it was a choice betwix driving him or one of the children—

"Stop, man," said Miss Catherine, in the voice the little Gwynnes most disliked, "you talk too much. What

I want to know is, does that donkey know there's such a thing in this world as a good meal?"

The tinker said he was very sorry—the donkey was a good donkey, and as sweet-tempered a beast—

Miss Catherine waved her knitting-needle.

"James," she said, "over in the paddock yonder is a spoiled, pampered, indulged little animal

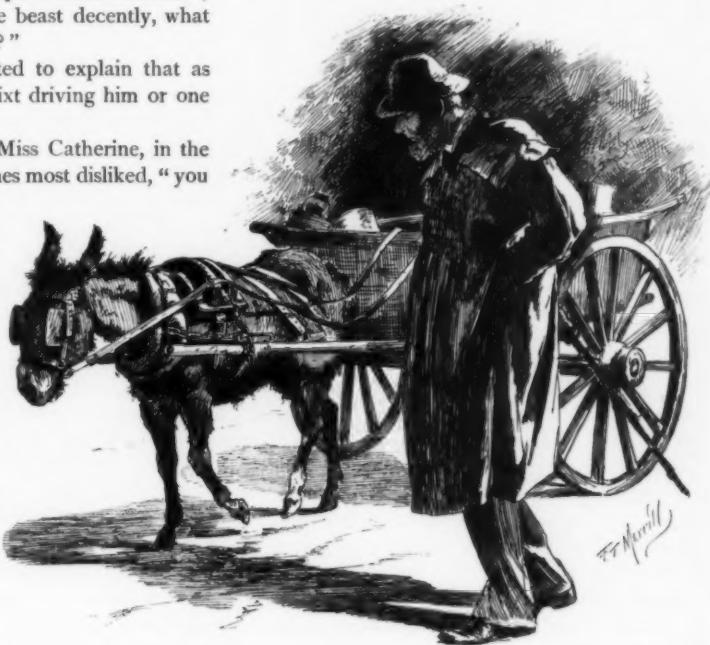
that was born in clover. He has never done one day's work in his life, and I have no doubt firmly believes that donkeys were put into the world to kick up their heels and be made much of. Now, that donkey is going to learn something;—he's going to learn how other donkeys live, and then, maybe, he'll appreciate his own advantages. Go and get Jack, harness him to this man's cart, put that little half-starved beast in the paddock and let him find out what is meant by a good solid meal."

Consternation overspread every feature of James's face.

"Our donkey, ma'am,—the young ladies' and gentlemen's donkey? Jack? Why, ma'am, if there was anything to go wrong with that there donkey, there is n't any one of us would ever dare to show his face again."

"Get the donkey belonging to my grand-nephews and nieces," said Miss Catherine, impressively; "take him out and put him in the cart. Perhaps I did not speak distinctly?"

Poor James shuddered between the horns



"A TINKER WITH HIS LOAD OF TINS IN A CART DRAWN BY A DONKEY."

of the dilemma. Mr. Gwynne had always exacted from servants, as from his children, the most perfect respect for his aunt and deference to her commands, so rarely given. But—the donkey! The family pet, the darling of the children—such an emergency had never arisen.

The tinker, too, was far from happy; every one, far and near, knew the Gwynnes' little donkey,—a little aristocrat of a donkey, who was more pampered than his master,—Where

would it eat and sleep? What, alas! would it eat? Suppose anything should happen to it? What cruel fate had directed his steps up that road this day!

"Man," Miss Catherine exclaimed, growing rigid, and pointing all her knitting-needles, and her work, too, at the trembling tinker, "oblige me by leaving at once. I think—mind, I say only that I think—by the time you reach the road, my nephew's coachman will have returned to his senses, and concluded to do as he has been told."

Alas for poor little Jack! A hurried consultation outside the door ended in the men's deciding that, as the time for Mr. Gwynne's return was rapidly drawing near, it would be wisest to obey the incensed Miss Catherine, and trust to luck for the future.

"I'll send you good feed for him every day, and for goodness' sake, be kind to him!" James entreated, and then the exchange was effected, Miss Catherine grimly superintending it from her window.

Days lengthened into weeks, and still poor little Jack might be seen, each day, toiling wearily along with his load of tins.

The pangs of hunger had not attacked him, his stomach did not sink in, there were no marks and welts on his smooth hide, but the degradation of his new life so preyed upon his spirits as to bring about a state of despair. This so changed him that James and the tinker, fast friends in their anxiety, longed day and night for what came at last—a telegram announcing the return of the family.

James went at once to Miss Catherine; but the failure of his mission was announced to the tinker, hovering anxiously about the precincts, by a gloomy shake of the head.

The whole household, Miss Catherine at its head, was assembled to welcome the wanderers, and there was such rejoicing and delight that, for a brief moment, James forgot his terror.

Five minutes had not passed, however, when there was a rush of the children to the paddock to see dear Jack. James listened with a white face.

Yes! he had expected it,—a loud cry of horror, many cries drawing nearer and yet more near, and then a burst of breathless, sobbing

children into the room which contained the elder members of the family.

"Papa! Papa!"

"Oh, Mamma—something—"

"Oh, Mamma—Mademoiselle—Papa—come quick!"

"Something dreadful, Mamma—something has happened—"

"Happened to Jack, Papa—"

"He's got to be another color—"

"He's all scarred up—"

"He's forgotten us all—even Baby!"

These appalling announcements made, the little ones were off again like the wind, followed by their father, mother, Aunt Catherine, and the governess, James, with ashen face, bringing up the rear.

Suddenly Mr. Gwynne stopped at the sight of a small and mild-mannered donkey who went on cropping grass, quite indifferent to visitors.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "this is n't Jack!"

Aunt Catherine stepped forward.

"No," she began with much dignity, "it is n't Jack—it's a poor little friendless donkey that never had enough to eat in his life until a month ago."

"But, Aunt Catherine," cried a chorus of little voices, "where is Jack?"

Aunt Catherine turned, she cleared her throat, she felt most strangely embarrassed; perhaps the fact that she had left her knitting on the hall table and found herself without her index needle put her at a disadvantage; perhaps the small crimson, anxious, upturned faces touched the heart that had been filled only with the woes of the downtrodden donkey.

"Jack," she said, "Jack—is n't here. Jack's—well, Jack's learning to be of use in the world—he's hauling a tinker's cart."

"Jack! our own dear little Jack!—"

"Our own Jack—our own donkey!"

"Oh, Aunt Catherine,"—this from the youngest and boldest boy,—"you're just as bad as you can be!"

"Hush, children," said Mr. Gwynne, an expression of displeasure that Miss Catherine had never seen before on his handsome face. "Your aunt must have some good reason—but really, Aunt Catherine, the children's property should not have been—"

"What!" exclaimed the old lady, "can it be you,—my own dear nephew, the champion of the weak and defenseless, who has always said so much about the righting of wrongs,—who refuse to this unhappy donkey the exercise of the privileges to which the fact of his existence entitles him? Will you now sully your lifelong record? Will you stand by and see one of your fellow-creatures pampered and indulged and another—"

the baby," never again knew what it was not to have enough to go round, and after their fair share there was plenty left for the donkey, too.

The tinker, no longer dejected and sad, held up his head like a man who has plenty of work to do and does it well; and he threw many a grateful glance at Miss Catherine's window as he went by with his well-fed little beast.

Of course, Jack had always been so nice that he could n't by any possibility be improved—



"SO JACK CAME BACK TO HIS PADDOCK."

Pretty little Mrs. Gwynne burst into a violent fit of coughing; and before Miss Catherine could resume her speech, thus interrupted, "a hee-haw" from the other side of the hedge greeted the enraptured children, and, in another second, Jack and the little Gwynnes were one confused mass of legs and arms and kisses.

So Jack came back to his paddock, and his small, distant cousin took up the daily toil again; but his poor little stomach never again presented such a sight as on that day when its owner first found out that there was a world in which there was plenty to eat and nothing to do.

The "seven of 'em at home (not donkeys), and

still, how do we know? Perhaps Aunt Catherine was right—perhaps the grass was a little sweeter and more tender, now that he knew all grass was n't quite so good—possibly his play-days were all the jollier because he had learned that there was such a thing as work.

And as the years rolled on, the little Gwynnes, learning that there was more to Aunt Catherine than impressive voice and knitting-needle,—learning to appreciate the loving, tender heart hidden under all her oddity,—quite forgave her constant good advice, and even learned to think without resentment of the temporary banishment of Jack, their beloved little donkey.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WE will open the exercises this time, dear friends, with a cheery nutting song, which has just been sent to ST. NICHOLAS by your friend and poet, Harriet Prescott Spofford. It seems to have been written in the woods, close by this very meadow, and I am almost sure hundreds of my boys and girls are busily occupied in the ways here described.

IN THE NUTTING TIME.

Rollicking, frolicking,
Up the hill,
Chattering, clattering,
Nobody still,
Clipping and slipping,
Fast and slow,
Hustling and bustling
To and fro,
Into the nut-glades
See them go!
Battering, scattering
Big burs down,
Rambling, scrambling,
Nuts are brown,
Flurrying, worrying,
Clouds are low,
Curling and swirling,
Wild winds blow,
Out of the nut-glades,
See them go!
Whisking and frisking,
Jacket and gown,
Trippingly, skippingly,
Never a frown,
Hurrying, scurrying,
Back to town!

A DAINTY GUEST.

LUCY S., whose letter I showed you last month, is not the only ST. NICHOLAS reader who has seen a tame butterfly. "We have a butterfly," writes

a little Cincinnati girl, named Rosa E. Angel, "which we found a week ago; and to-day I put some sugar-water on my finger and it really and truly drank it all, and felt around for more. I put another drop on the tip of my finger and it sucked that up too; and it was as lively as could be after its dinner. The weather has been very cold and rainy ever since we found it, and so, as our guest, it is in a big, sunny window, and still alive, instead of having been drowned or chilled to death. It is brown and orange in color."

Here is an interesting letter about

THE SEXTON BEETLE.

XENIA, Ohio.

DEAR JACK: In the July number of ST. NICHOLAS you showed us young folk a letter from Lottie E. W. about some beetles burying a snake. Lottie wanted to know if any person knew, and could tell her anything about them, so I thought I would reply.

These beetles are called Sexton or Burying beetles, from the habit they have of burying dead birds, snakes, and other dead animals of different kinds that come in their way. They deposit their eggs in the bodies, and when the larvæ are hatched they feed on the flesh until they are ready to enter the pupa state. One of the commonest of these beetles in North America is *Necrophorus grandis*. This insect is black, with a red mark on the middle of the thorax, and two orange patches on each of the elytra or wing sheaths.

H. E. ORR.

And here is another letter which I feel will interest you, not only on account of its subject, but because it is from a bright boy, now in the Male Orphan Asylum, of Richmond, Va.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read your suggestion, or the dear little schoolma'am's, about John James Audubon, the great naturalist, and I found the following in a book about great men:

John James Audubon, a distinguished American ornithologist, was born in Louisiana in May, 1780, where his parents, who were both French, had settled on a plantation. His father, who was himself an ardent lover of nature, early directed his son's attention to natural objects. The youth conceived a passion for the study of birds; and a book of ornithological specimens determined him to become a draughtsman. About the age of fourteen he went to Paris and studied for some time under the celebrated painter David. In 1798 he was settled on a farm in Pennsylvania by his father, but he did not distinguish himself as an agriculturist.

In 1810 he sailed down the Ohio with his wife and child on a bird-sketching expedition. The following year he visited Florida for a like purpose; and for many years after he continued his ornithological researches among the American

woods to the neglect of his regular business. The latter he finally abandoned, and in 1824 he went to Philadelphia, where he was introduced to Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte, who so warmly encouraged him in his plans that he determined on publication. After two years' further exploration of the forests of his native country he went to Europe, with the view to securing subscribers for his work on "The Birds of America." He met with a warm reception from such men as Herschel, Cuvier, Humboldt, Brewster, Wilson, and Sir Walter Scott. The issue of his work was commenced shortly after, each bird being delineated life-size; it was finished in 1839. While the work was in process of publication in England, Audubon revisited America three times, in order to make further researches. In 1831 he began the publication of his "American Ornithological Biography," which was also completed in 1839. Audubon finally returned to America, where, in 1844, he published a popular edition of his works. Assisted by Dr. Buchanan, he also published "The Quadrupeds of America," and a "Biography of American Quadrupeds." He died on January 27, 1851, in his 71st year.

Your constant reader,

EMMETT E. ARCHER.

A TAME FROG.

GRANGE OVERBROOK, PA.

MY DEAR JACK: Last summer, when I was staying at West Chester, I went to see a lady who had a tame frog. This frog's name was Leander, and it lived in a lake near the house, and my friend, Mrs. J., would go out with a long stick, and call "Leander, dear Leander," and up would jump the frog on the stones; and it knew her, and seemed pleased to see her. This is true. I never knew *frogs* could be tamed. I like ST. NICHOLAS, and I remain,

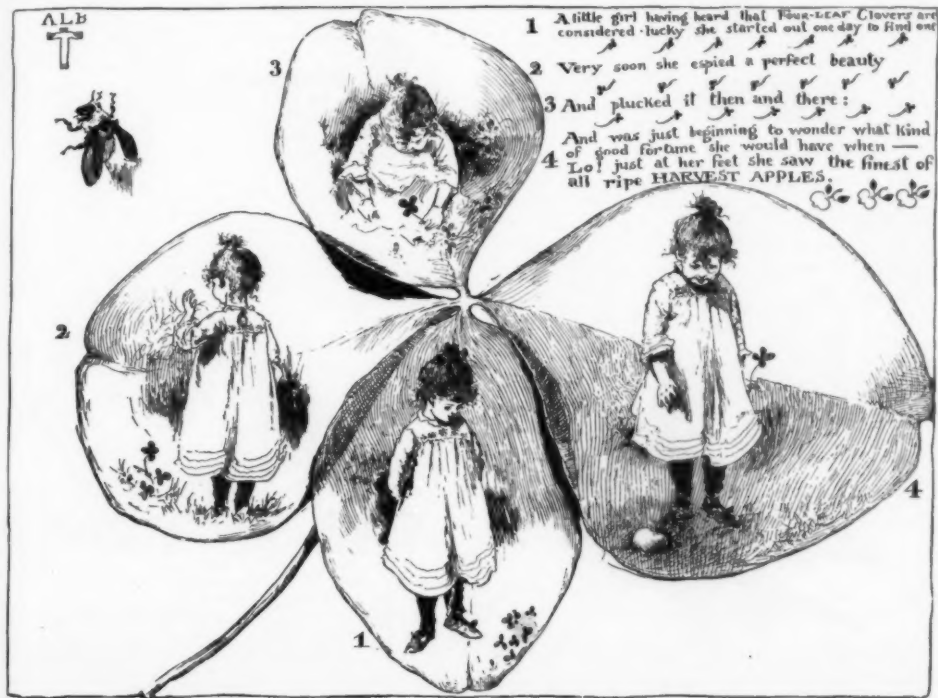
Your faithful reader,

ANNA W. ASHHURST.

WHITE AND RED CLOVERS.

IT is rather too soon for me to expect answers to the question I asked last month in regard to red and white clovers, though I am sure many of you are searching for the plants in fields, lanes, parks, and all sorts of places, and making notes of the difference between them. It is a queer difference, and, so far as I know, very marked. Who 'll write first?

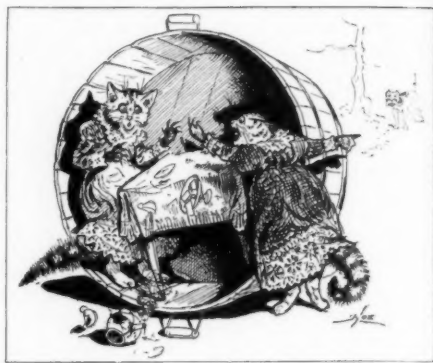
Talking of clovers, here is a picture-story made for you by Mr. Brenon, and a very pleasant story it is, too.



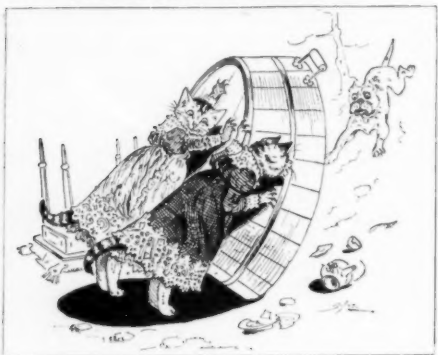
THE TALE OF A TUB.



I.
Two dear friends sat down to tea;
And both were sleek and fair to see.



II.
All went well until one spied
Great danger near. "Oh, look!" she cried.



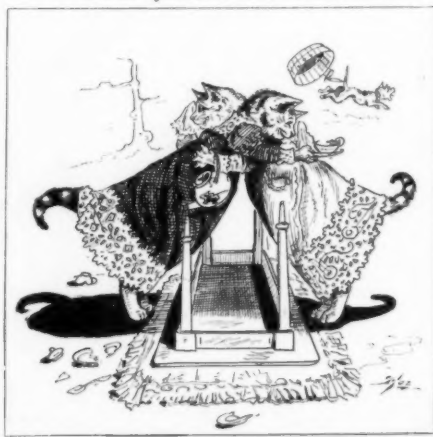
III.
A furious, uninvited beast
Was rushing madly to the feast.



IV.
Quick as a flash they had him under,
Ere he "Jack Robinson" could thunder.



V.
Then safely from a tall careppa
They saw their dwelling play Mazeppa.



VI.
Departed foe! Delighted friends!
And so this thrilling story ends.

AN OLD ENGLISH FOLK-SONG.

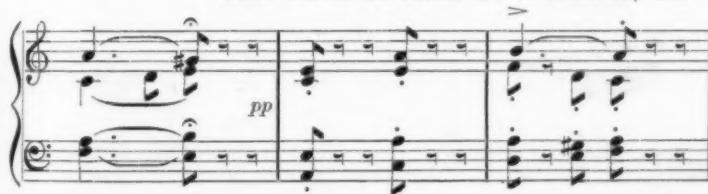
ARRANGED FOR RECITATION WITH MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT.*

By EDGAR S. KELLEY.

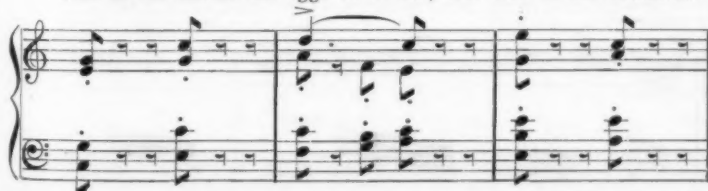
TO HAZEL,
SO LONG AS SHE IS A GOOD LITTLE GIRL.



There was an old woman as I've heard tell, She



went to the market her eggs for to sell; She went to the market all



* The words of the text are to be recited throughout, except the line
"Lawk 'a' mercy on me, this is none of I!" which may be sung *ad libitum*.

on a market day, And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

(The peddler approaches.)

poco rit. *pp*

poco *a poco* *crescendo.*



There came by a peddler whose name was Stout,

p *mf*

He cut off her petticoats all round about; petticoats up to the knees,

He cut off her

petticoats up to the knees,

pp *2 Ped.*

Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze. Now when the old woman did first awake,

pp *cres.*

8va.

She began to shiver and she began to shake; She began to wonder and

p *mf* *pp*

8va



she began to cry, "Lawk 'a' mer - cy on me, this is none of I!

mf *pp*

But if it be I, as I hope it be, I've a little dog at home

p



and he'll know me:

If it be I he'll wag his little tail;

p *ppp*

If it be *not* I he 'll loudly bark
[and wail.]



Faster.

Slow. (The little old woman wends her way homeward.)



Home went the old woman all in the dark, Up got the little dog
[and he began to bark.]



Faster.

He began to bark, and



she began to cry, "Lawk 'a' mer-cy on me, this is none of I!"

Tempo I.



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THE LETTER-BOX.

KOBÉ, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your story about "Orie" in the June number is very pretty. It reminds me of a bird that we had when we were living in America. It was a pigeon. It flew into Papa's office in Front Street, New-York, one cold, wet day in the autumn, and he put it in his overcoat pocket and brought it home. We fed it and took care of it. In a few days it became so tame that it was allowed to fly about the house just as it pleased. "Birdie," as we called him, became very much attached to Mamma and would fly after her about the house, even up and down stairs. He loved to perch on her shoulder, and if she did not want him there, would sit on the back of the chair. One day Mamma was ill and not able to get up. Birdie missed her directly, and soon found his way to her bedroom, where he perched on her pillow, remaining there all day. His affection made him quite troublesome, sometimes when Mamma wanted to be busy, and then we were obliged to shut him up in a cage. His end was very sad: he flew out of the window one pouring wet day, and was frightened directly and tried to get back, but fluttered against the pane at the top and then flew on to a tree near-by.

We left the window open all day thinking of course he would come back, but he did not, and two days after we found him dead in the garden.

I remain, your friend and constant reader,
FRANCES MAUD MCG—.

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, only six years old—my name is Maude. I have two little sisters and one brother, their names are Hubard, Eloise, and Ethel. Hubard and I go to the kindergarten. We learn a great many things. We draw with colored pencils. We have paper lessons—make squares, lamp-lighters, and book-marks. We sing a geography song, about the continents, capes, isthmuses, peninsulas, rivers, and islands. Water and land are all over the earth. We learn to read and write and arithmetic. I am in long division. We had an entertainment last Thursday, and a very nice one. We have twelve scholars. I spoke a "Modeling Lesson" by myself. I spoke of sphere, spheroid, oval, ovoid, cylinder, and cone. I made grasses, grain, stems of the flowers, cherries, eggs, and pears, and all these I made of clay. Another girl said a piece about St. Peter and a woman baking cakes in the ashes on the hearth. We had calisthenics, with color bells and wands. My wand had blue ribbons on the ends and I had orange and blue paper on the color bells. We sang a song called "Little Waiters"; we had aprons, caps, cups, saucers, spoons, and tea-cloths. We had it at the Town Hall, and we had a good audience.

Your little friend,
MAUDE R—.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have so many letters from far-off, I think I will write one from Jack-in-the-Pulpit's home; although I have never seen him, I have read his sermons.

I go "Maying" every year because my birthday is on the fourteenth of May. I am eleven years old.

I have been over to Staten Island and to a place called

Quarantine, just this side of Fort Wadsworth, where there is a beautiful view up and down the bay, and you can see all the big ships come into port. Quarantine means forty days, because ships that had contagious diseases like yellow-fever or small-pox were kept away from the land forty days; but now it is different. When a ship comes into port it is sighted at Sandy Hook and telegraphed to the Quarantine station. When the ship is seen coming around the fort, a bell is rung for a health officer; he goes on board a steam tug or sometimes in a rowboat to the ship and all the emigrants pass before him, and if there is on board the ship any contagious disease to which the passengers have been exposed they are taken off and the ship is fumigated. If the emigrants have small-pox they are taken to Hoffman Island, and if they have yellow-fever they are taken to Swinburne Island. There are hospitals on these two islands and nurses to take care of the sick. There is a little animal, which I think is called a microbe, which makes people have yellow-fever and it sometimes gets into clothing, so all the clothing is put in an oven in a furnace where all these little animals are killed by heat or steam. I like you, ST. NICHOLAS, very much.

O. T. H.

NYON, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother and I are Americans—our home is in St. Louis—but we are now in a French school; it is in an old castle on Lake Genève, and it was built by the King of Spain.

From the school-room windows we have a fine view of the lovely blue lake and of Mount Blanc with its white cap. It is always covered with snow, and when the sun shines on it it is very beautiful. Our uncle in St. Louis sends us ST. NICHOLAS as a Christmas present, but we can not read it on week days; we are allowed to read English only on Sunday. We don't like that very well, for we are fond of ST. NICHOLAS.

My brother is nine years old and I am eleven. We are the youngest boys in the school and the only Americans. All the other boys like our magazine, and when we get it they crowd around us to look at it.

We have seen London, the biggest city in the world, and expect to see Paris soon.

Now I think I have written enough and I shall say good-by, from your loving reader,

BRIAN G. MCG—.

LOWELL, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though I have been a subscriber to your magazine for a number of years, I have never written a letter. While in Mexico last winter, I thought of doing so, but we traveled so fast and there is so much to see I did not have the time.

I do not believe many of your readers realize that there is so strange a country so near our own. In Europe you can not find cities any queerer or people any stranger than these. They are so picturesque, the men with broad-brimmed "sombrosos" and many-colored "serapes," the women with their blue "rebozos" wound gracefully around their head and shoulders. Such quaint little towns, with the houses made of adobe brick, the streets and sidewalks so narrow, and most of them paved

with cobble-stones, which makes it very hard for the feet. The Mexicans wear sandals made of leather; we brought a pair home, but the odor from the leather is so disagreeable we keep them in the cellar. The cactus grows in Mexico in great quantities; one variety is used to take the place of a wall, it grows so very straight. The City of Mexico is of course different from the smaller towns, the streets are broader and there are some very good stores. The drug-stores are very good, even finer than ours, and they are numerous; the jewelry stores are very fine.

The Iturbide, which was once the palace of the Emperor of that name, but is now a hotel, is quite a contrast to the Fifth Avenue. It is large and bare, no cozy parlors, but one long narrow room with the chairs all in a line against the wall, and a large marble-topped table with the marble top in danger of sliding off. The room which we occupied was said to be part of one of the parlors, partitioned off. The beds are very hard, the pillows even harder—I thought my neck would be broken the first night.

The boy who answers your bell is a true native; in vain you use your phrase-book, which never has in it the word you need; in vain you make frantic gestures, and at last you give up in despair. After we had been there a while, he learned to understand a few words, and the next American must have had an easier time. From the roof of the hotel you can get a fine view of Popocatepetl and Iztacchuatl, the snow-capped mountains of Mexico.

While at Guadalajara, I attended a bull-fight, Mexico's national sport. In the crowded amphitheater you get a good idea of the Mexican, who shouts "Bravo" and frantically waves his "sombbrero." The bull-fight is a cruel sport, and how women and even babies can sit and enjoy it is a mystery to me. To see the horses gored, the bull killed and dragged out, is an experience I never wish to repeat again, and I confess I never felt more like singing "America" than I did when we crossed the Rio Grande and were again on native soil.

AN ADMIRER OF ST. NICHOLAS.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I have taken your charming magazine for four years, and yet neither of us have ever written to you. I want to tell you about Idaho Springs, where we spent last summer. Idaho Springs is situated almost in the heart of the Rocky Mountains and is about twenty miles from Denver. There are a great many mineral springs there, usually iron or soda; and the inhabitants attribute the healing power of the waters to the fact that the Mormons blessed them and prophesied that a great city would one day be there. It is n't there yet; there are only one thousand people in the town.

One nice day we climbed Santa Fé Mountain. We walked through snow as we neared the top, and when we did get there at last a grand sight met our eyes. There was the Snowy Range away in the distance and to our left was the Chief, also covered with everlasting snow, and beside it were the Squaw and the Pappoose. We looked for a while, but as it was very windy and cold we soon went down again, getting some fine spruce-gum from the trees by the way. On another fine bright day we went up Mount Belview to see the Colorado mine that is on its top. We went into a building which on the outside looked like a barn, but it was filled with machinery. Presently, out of a shaft in the ground came an iron "ship," as the miners call the box which carries the gray stone to the surface. The stone seems worthless to the unpracticed eye, but in reality is very valuable. After a while, an empty

ship came up which was for visitors. Dressed in miner's clothes we got into that iron box one close after another. Then down, down, down we slid, until daylight faded from view; and by the light of the candles which each one held we saw only the roots of the trees, then only the logs that lined the side of the shaft, which were covered with wet, clammy funguses. When we were seven hundred feet down we stopped and climbed out and sat down to wait for the other party. While we were waiting, several blasts so disturbed the air that our candles were blown out over and over again. Then, as the others had arrived, we started through the tunnel. This was sometimes so low that we had to bow our heads, but in other places it was large enough for a ball-room, as the miners said. We collected many specimens and then we went home. I brought mine here, and I have started a cabinet with shells from Florida and stones from different places, some silk cocoons, and a rose made entirely of silk unspun and undyed. There is a mine in California of great depth and so hot that the miners wear very little and can work no longer than half an hour each day. Some people say that some day there will be an awful explosion there, and that it is unwise to work it any longer. I remain, your constant reader,

STEENIE E—.

URSULINE CONVENT, CHATHAM, ONT.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not remember having seen a letter in your box from a convent girl, and I am afraid that many of your little readers have very odd ideas of convents and convent life, thinking that all is dark and gloomy within the "cloister walls"; but I do assure you that you make quite a mistake. If you should ever take a peep into our playrooms you will find us to be as jolly a set of girls as any one could wish to see.

If it will not be a bore to you, I will tell you about the delightful grounds which belong to our school. In the front, a large round grass plot laid out in tasteful flower beds containing most beautiful plants, which in the summer resemble so many massive bouquets, is surrounded by a gravel walk leading up to the main entrance. There it branches off to the right in a wide drive between a hedge of lilacs on one side, and a row of veteran apple trees on the other. On the left of the convent grow the stately pines from which the school takes its name, "The Pines." At the rear end of the convent, two tennis-courts are laid out. There in fine weather we play tennis, base-ball, and croquet; back of this a field of eight acres terminates the northern end of the grounds, while an extensive orchard marks the boundary on the west.

This makes my fourth year here at school and I like it very much. There is a young lady here whose brothers have taken you ever since you first were published. I know also a little girl from New Haven whose school life is made brighter by your monthly appearance.

Well, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I must say adieu, for I fear that I have already made my letter too long. Believe me, your most sincere friend and admirer,

MARION L—.

We thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: Edith and Katie C., Edith A. P., Kittie J., Nonie S., Espie D. B., Mary L., Helen P., Alice M. P., Ethel G., Mabel A., Alice C., Minerva C., L. D. S., Frank S., Marjorie B. A., Jessie C., Agnes J. H., Aimée E., Iris, Mac P., Theresa A., Max M. jr., Mary L. R., Alice K. H., Lulu B., Hazel P., Lillian L. B., John N. G. jr., "E.," Helen M.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN. 1. Phlox. 2. Butter and eggs. 3. Snapdragon. 4. Hollyhock. 5. Lavender. 6. Caraway. 7. Sweet William. 8. Mourning-bridle. 9. Matrimony. 10. China aster. 11. Lady-slipper. 12. Foxglove. 13. Snow-ball. 14. Marigold. 15. Hoarhound. 16. Larkspur. 17. Bachelor's-button. 18. Candytuft. 19. Althea. 20. Four o'clock. 21. Crab-apple. 22. Sunflower. 23. Bouncing Bet. 24. Sage. 25. Primrose. 26. Cowslips. 27. Oleander. 28. Box. 29. Prince's feather. 30. Cockcomb. 31. Forget-me-not. 32. Spearpoint. 33. Star of Bethlehem. 34. Spiderwort. 35. Ribbon-grass. 36. Solomon's seal. 37. Ragged sailor. 38. Narcissus. 39. Carnation. 40. Thyme. 41. Tiger-lily. 42. Valerian. 43. Tulips. 44. Boneseet. 45. Monks-hood.

ZIGZAG. From 1 to 10, Brandywine; from 11 to 20, Stillwater. Cross-words: 1. Barriers. 2. Creosote. 3. Starling. 4. Painless. 5. Pedicles. 6. Eyebrows. 7. Waterpoa. 8. Mitigate. 9. Manifest. 10. Numerate.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE. Diagonals, Bildad. Cross-words: 1. Bunyan. 2. Sidney. 3. Milton. 4. Dryden. 5. Ramsay. 6. Arnold.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Mamma and Jamie—Paul Reese—Josephine Sherwood—E. M. G.—"Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley"—A Family Affair—Nellie and Reggie—"A. L. W. L."—"May and 79"—John W. Frothingham, Jr.—Gertrude Laverack—Lisa Delavan Bloodgood—"Rags and Tatters"—Ida C. Thallon—Alex. Armstrong, Jr.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Robt. A. Stewart, 1—M. E. Gordon, 1—Cecil and Elsie, 2—Katie, 1—"Rosebud and Heliotrope," 2—A. H. Nye, 1—A. C. Butler, 1—Louise Post, 4—F. Osborne, 1—Honora Swartz, 3—"Lady Jane," 1—E. G. Anderson, 1—Nancy, 3—Katie Van Zandt, 4—C. Alexander, 2—"M. O. S. Quito," 2—G. E. Ellis, 1—E. Y. Townsend, Jr., 3—Harry B. Davis, 2—Papa and Grace, 3—Alice K. H., 3—E. and M. Harris, 2—B. L. Adair, 3—H. M. C. and Co., 9—Effe K. Talboys, 6—No Name, Canada, 9—Bird and Moll, 9—"Squire," 8—"Infantry," 9—E. W. and L. A. Hawkins and F. Foxcroft, 4—"The Trio," 3—R. Anselm Jowitt, 1—C. Alexander S., 1—Arthur B. Lawrence, 3—Walter R. Tourtellot, 2—Clara and Emma, 5—H. V. and M., 1—J. MacC., 9—Karl Otto, and Julius Sommer, 4—Benedick and Beatrice, 9—J. S. K. and K. D. K., 9—M. E. Ford, 1—Elsa Behr, 4—"H. P. H. S., 94," 6—Alexis J. Colman, 9—W. E. Eckert, 2—Sarah H. Scott, 7—Nellie L. Howes, 8—Brooksbay, 3—Lissie Hunter, 2—Tom and Jerry, 1—Janet H. Stewart, 3—M. J. C. E., 5—Grandma and Charlie, 1—Blanche and Fred, 9—Ida and Alice, 8—"The Lancer," 1—"Charles Beaufort," 7—Adele Walton, 8—Jo and I, 9—Rita Sharp, 4—F. L. V., 2—Estelle Jones, 3—Marcia V., 1—Nick McNick, 8—M. T. O., 1—Epie, George, Nannie, and Lizzie, 5—E. Sophia Stockett, 8—J. M. Taylor, 1—M. Taylor, 7—James Stewart, 3.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES were received too late for acknowledgment in the September number, from Frances Maud McGlew, China, 1.

HALF-SQUARES.

I. 1. A battle fought on October 21, 1805. 2. Incarnations. 3. Greediness after wealth. 4. An instrument of correction. 5. Imbecile. 6. A pike when full grown. 7. A word used by teamsters. 8. A Roman weight of twelve ounces. 9. In half-square.

II. 1. The maker of a famous dictionary who died on October 27, 1858. 2. To fill to excess. 3. In a royal manner. 4. Longed for. 5. A feminine name. 6. Vended. 7. A principal river of Scotland. 8. A masculine nickname. 9. In half-square. G. F.

ANAGRAM.

SIX letters in my name are found,
And that denotes a silken sound;
These six some other words will form—
One, is a coat worn in a storm;
And one is caused by shining color;
"Enticest" will explain another;
By one an army's catering 's done;
Those who make soft music, one;
Now two more words are close at hand,—
This, thou dost when in command,
And that, is what all toils demand.

"ROCHESTER."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-five letters, and am a quotation from Lord Lytton, appropriate for a guest-book.

My 84-49-54-64-27-3 is a name by which Lord Lytton is often called. My 2-50-72-55-36 is a body of water. My 33-65-12-44-90 is brilliant. My 73-34-87-5-69 is devout. My 56-11-29-86-24-95-13 is to transgress. My 48-75-93-37 is a germ. My 47-43-58-60-78-91 is a multitude. My 38-6-19-82-1 is powdered to.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Avail. 2. Vesta. 3. Asses. 4. Items. 5. Lasso. — RIDDLE. A mirror. DIAMONDS IN DIAMONDS. I. 1. T. 2. Tan. 3. Toned. 4. Tangled. 5. Nelly. 6. Dey. 7. D. II. 1. P. 2. Mag. 3. Model. 4. Paddles. 5. Gelid. 6. Led. 7. S. AN OCTAGON. 1. Mad. 2. Renew. 3. Medical. 4. Animate. 5. Decayed. 6. Water. 7. Led. A RHOMBOID. ACROSS: 1. Gamut. 2. Sates. 3. Tepor. 4. Silas. 7. Demon.

September strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color;
The world is brighter than before,
Why should our hearts be duller?

THOMAS W. PARSONS.

AN AXIOM IN AXIOMS. If you eat goose on Michaelmas day, you will never want money all the year round.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC. Initials, Harvest. Cross-words: 1. Horse. 2. Apple. 3. Rocks. 4. Vases. 5. Easel. 6. Sabot. 7. Torch.

baeco. My 42-16-81-17-51 is a prong. My 4-83-45-88-63-18-70 is to gather in. My 53-77-35-14-59 is a banquet. My 10-68-28-71-85-9-89-41 is one who gathers. My 31-22-76-61-80-66 is to hurry. My 25-8-52-46-57-39 is to flavor. My 79-74-32-94-20-67-15-26 is a figure seen on the Turkish flag. My 23-62-40-92-7-21-30 is something necessary to the making or the solving of a numerical enigma. "TOPSY AND EVA."

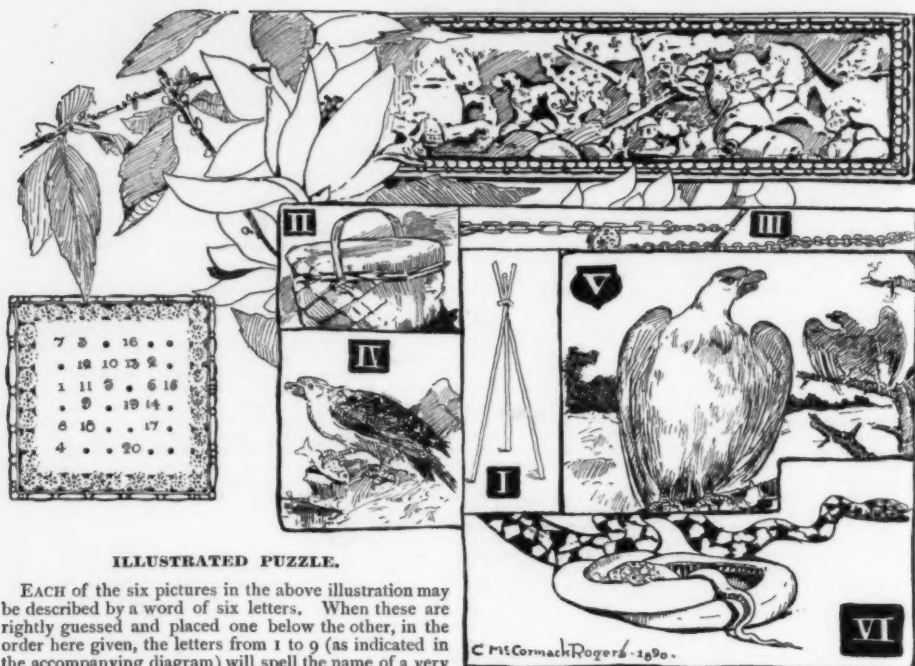
DIAMOND.

1. A letter from Sweden. 2. An ecclesiastical garment. 3. A joint. 4. A quagmire covered with grass or other plants. 5. A letter from Sweden. VICTOR.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

EACH of the following descriptions suggests the name of an old-fashioned flower. Example: An old cathedral town and the music often heard there. Answer, Canterbury bells.

1. A flower and a girl's name. 2. To deplore. 3. Peace of mind. 4. A youth beloved by Apollo. 5. Affection and epoch. 6. Sugary and a prickly plant. 7. An American author. 8. Pertaining to a dove. 9. A sacred city and a small fruit. 10. A falsehood and the main ingredient in sealing-wax. 11. An emblem of York or Lancaster. 12. Long may ours wave. 13. I sometimes come before my first ceases to do my second. 14. Fragrant letters. 15. A dignitary of the church. 16. A character in "Midsummer Night's Dream." 17. A coin and regal. 18. A bog and a feminine nickname. 19. More furious. 20. The rainbow. 21. One of the primary colors. 22. A pet, and what it might do if angered. 23. A gastropod mollusk. W. S. R.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

EACH of the six pictures in the above illustration may be described by a word of six letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the letters from 1 to 9 (as indicated in the accompanying diagram) will spell the name of a very famous Spanish author; and the letters from 10 to 20 will spell the name of a very famous English author. Both died the same day.

C. B.

PI.

Ho, sloyleo gwinss eht priplung nive,
Het weylol splame melaf orbeef,
Eht gednol-wynta sha ester danst
Drah yb rou togacet rood;
Borotec gwios no yeerv cheke,
Cerotob shensi ni revye yee,
Wheil pu het lhlil, dan dwon eht lead,
Reh smornic brensan lyf.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

EACH of the words described contains six letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other in the order here given, the diagonals, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, and from the upper right-hand corner to the lower left-hand corner, will spell the Christian name and the surname of an inventor.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A number. 2. Fragments. 3. To pour oil upon. 4. Men who collect gas-bills. 5. Tenets. 6. Fictitious tales.

A. AND E. HAAS.

DOUBLE PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell a beautiful place where may be seen, in October, what is named by the second row of letters.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To hesitate. 2. An animal resembling the leopard, found in Persia. 3. An aquatic animal. 4. Deceives. 5. A small vessel, commonly rigged as a sloop. 6. A violent assault. 7. A very hard stone. 8. A reward of merit. 9. The first of the high priests

of the Israelites. 10. A hard white substance. 11. Unshaken courage. 12. A treatise.

F. S. F.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. The song-thrush. 2. One of certain fabulous birds which were said to have no feet. 3. A letter other than a consonant. 4. Something existing in the imagination. 5. Barbers.

II. 1. A nest. 2. Angry. 3. A famous Italian poet. 4. Complete. 5. Prophets.

III. 1. To explode. 2. To come together. 3. To mature. 4. A horse for state or war. 5. Cares for.

J. P. AND O. A. G.

HOUR-GLASS.

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UPPER HALF. Across: 1. Disloyalty. 2. Senior. 3. A feminine name. 4. In string. Downward: 1. In string. 2. A note in music. 3. A masculine name. 4. A body of water (three letters). 5. A conjunction. 6. In string.

LOWER HALF. Across: 1. In string. 2. A serpent. 3. Certain plants found in warm countries. 4. A herald spoken of by Homer, having a very loud voice. Downward: 1. In string. 2. A preposition. 3. A beverage. 4. To fondle (three letters). 5. An adverb. 6. In string.

The central letters, reading downward, spell the author of the tragedy of *Cato*.

N. T. M.



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